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and **BYSTANDER**

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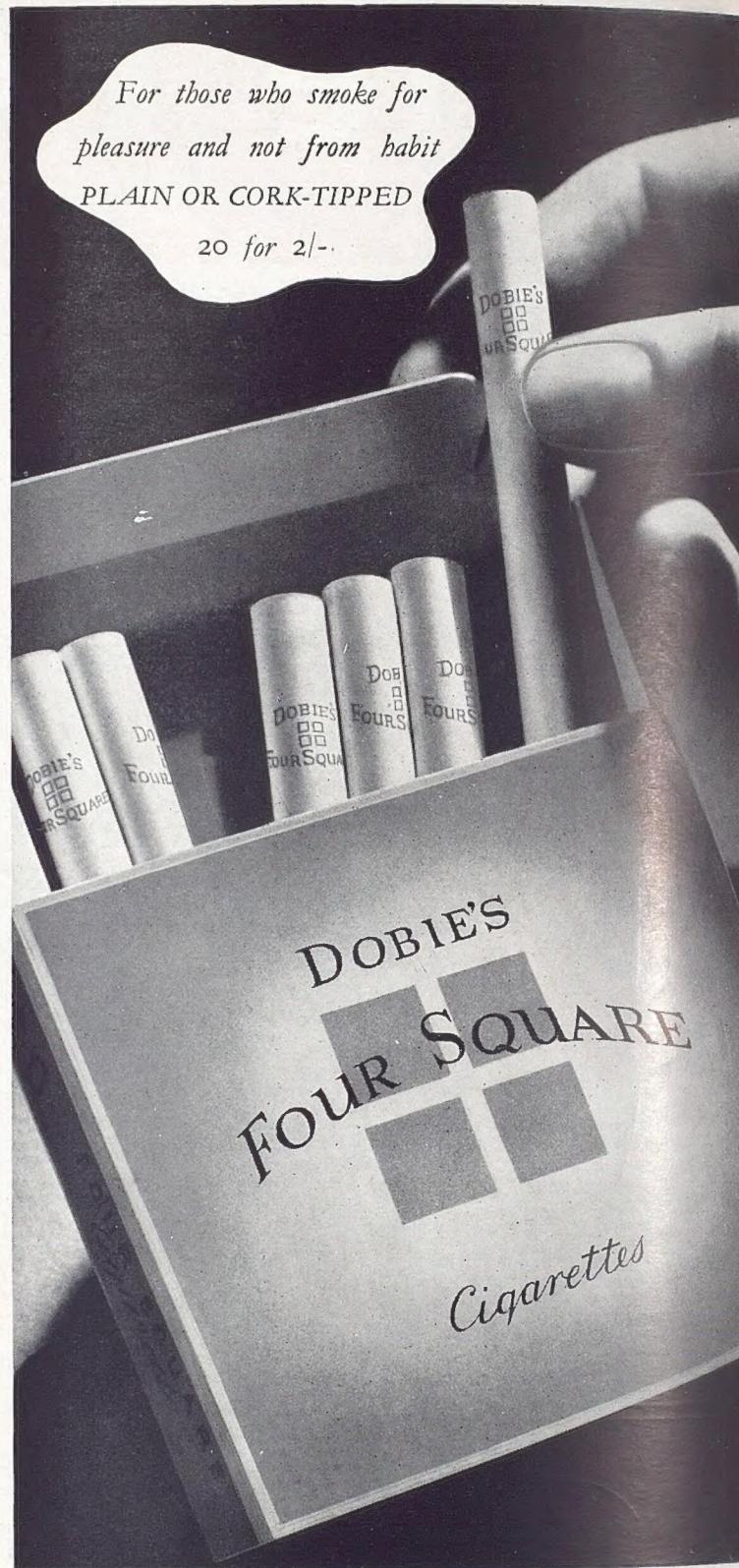
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Yerbury, Edinburgh

The Countess of Rosebery

The Countess of Rosebery wears the uniform of the Women's Voluntary Service, of which she is Administrator for South East Scotland. She is the Earl of Rosebery's second wife, and married him in 1924. Their son, Lord Primrose, was born in 1929. Lady Rosebery was the Hon. Eva Bruce, a daughter of the late Lord Aberdare, and was formerly married to Lord Belper, by whom she has two sons, and one daughter who married the Duke of Norfolk in 1937. Lord Rosebery, who has been Regional Commissioner for Scotland since 1941, has recently recovered from a severe illness. His colt, Hyperides, was much fancied for the wartime Derby at Newmarket last Saturday. This page goes to press too soon for either congratulations or condolences



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Anglo-Russian Alliance

ALTHOUGH this was the first occasion on which he had been to Britain, M. Molotoff was no stranger to those with whom he conducted the most important part of the negotiations leading up to the signature of the new Anglo-Russian Treaty of mutual assistance. Mr. Eden, for example, had held discussions with him in Moscow in March, 1935, just after Germany, in defiance of the Versailles stipulation, had made the challenging announcement that a regular army and air force had been formed. M. Litvinoff, now Soviet Ambassador in Washington, was Foreign Commissar at that time, and M. Molotoff was little known in this country, although he had been playing an active rôle in the Communist Party and the Communist International for many years, succeeding Rykoff in the post equivalent to Prime Minister in December, 1930.

Fresh in all our memories are the abortive Anglo-Soviet discussions of 1939 which dragged on month after month in Moscow and, seeming unlikely to yield practical results, suddenly gave place to a Russo-German agreement of non-aggression. It was in the middle of those talks that M. Molotoff took over the portfolio of foreign affairs from M. Litvinoff, and it was he who negotiated with Ribbentrop the "treaty of friendship" which gave Hitler a sufficient sense of security to justify his initial attack on Poland and his subsequent drives into Western Europe. Then, as now, M. Molotoff, like M. Stalin, was preoccupied with one thought only—the interests of Russia.

And the Kremlin, convinced that Germany, once unleashed, would one day attack to the east, was anxious to gain as much time for defensive preparation as possible.

An Able Negotiator

As in 1935 and again in 1939, M. Molotoff could have been described not unfairly as the personification of the mistrust of British good faith which characterised the Moscow outlook. Those doubts and suspicions have died hard. But the London talks which have clinched the new treaty have gone a very great distance to removing them altogether. We now know that the opening days of the conversations just before Whitsun did not go easily. That the mellowing atmosphere of Chequers and the evident honesty and determination of the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden broke through the reserves of the visitor. M. Molotoff proved to be an altogether pleasant companion and, what is more, a man with a very wide grasp of affairs, both political and military.

For the first time since Russia was forced into the war by the treacherous German onslaught last summer a leading Russian statesman has told his British allies with great candour the actual facts of the Russian situation, in the matter of military strength and supply reserves. This knowledge must assist Britain and the United States alike in planning the ways in which help can best be given to this most valuable ally. Of special reassurance to Europe is Russia's declaration that she seeks no extension of her territories, and will

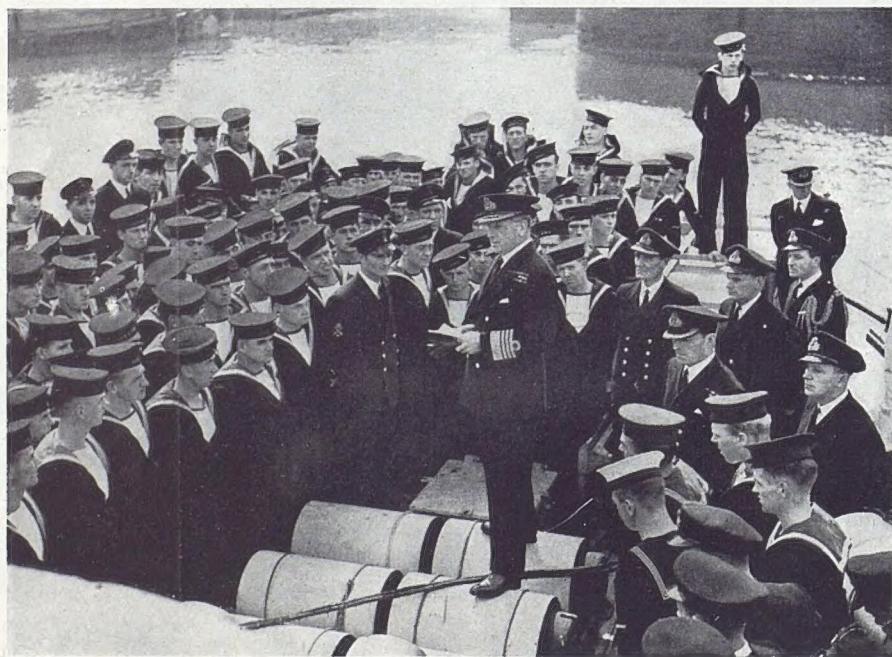
collaborate with us in planning and executing a new European order which would ensure that Germany cannot a fourth time smash the peaceful reconstruction of the Continent.

Not the least important feature of the visits now concluded is the fact that they were kept entirely secret until the visiting Premier had safely regained his own capital. Part of Moscow's passion for secrecy has been based on the belief that the Allied democracies could not keep a secret. Now, both Britain and the United States have demonstrated in a very practical manner that this is not the case. Incidentally, both Turkey and Poland, who have given signs of anxiety about the Anglo-Russian talks during the past few weeks are also giving signs of reassurance amounting almost to enthusiasm for what has been done.

United for War

PREPARATIONS for the final great effort which will be required to crush the Axis become more evident and more impressive with each passing week. Piecing together the official announcements of one kind and another, it can easily be seen that the British Empire and the United States are welding themselves together into a union possessing such great inherent power that it must inevitably prevail. Particularly significant was last week's announcement that joint Anglo-American boards have been established, both for production of war materials and distribution of food. This was evidently a first practical outcome of a visit to Washington by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the British Minister of Production. It means that the English-speaking peoples will pool their resources in everything that is necessary for prosecution of the war, so that the shortages of the one may be made good by the surpluses of the other. And, of course, there are still some surpluses in the world, though not so many at the disposal of the United Nations as there were before Japan scored her great initial success in the Far East.

Fortunately, the United Nations do hold an immense volume of the world's wheat supplies, and though man cannot live by bread alone,



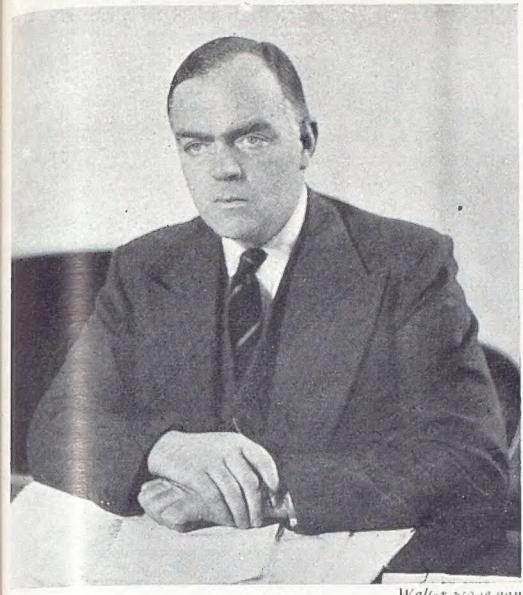
Congratulations For H.M.S. Stork

Admiral Sir Percy Noble, C.-in-C. Western Approaches, congratulated officers and men of H.M.S. Stork on their success in adding U.574 to their total of submarines destroyed. U.574 was one of three U-boats, all built in 1941 and only commissioned six months ago, which attacked a convoy, sinking only one ship. All three submarines were destroyed. The crew of the U.574 abandoned her after she was rammed by H.M.S. Stork



Heroes of H.M.S. Penelope

Here are Captain A. D. Nicholl, D.S.O., R.N., awarded the C.B.E., and Commander J. W. Grant, R.N., his second-in-command, to receive the D.S.O., for gallantry in the face of attack. Captain Nicholl, though wounded, brought his ship safely away from Malta, where she sustained attacks by 1,200 German bombers, receiving several more attacks while at sea. Nevertheless she arrived under her own steam in American waters, and is now known as "H.M.S. Pepperpot," owing to the scars she bears



Minister of Fuel, Light and Power

The creation of a new Ministry, that of Fuel, Light and Power, will bring Major Gwilym Lloyd George, M.P., the new Minister, very much into the public eye at the present moment. He has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food since 1941, and when he rose to answer questions in the House of Commons for the last time in that capacity he was cordially cheered from all quarters.

bread is at least an essential basis for the well-being of most of mankind. For some months now the United Nations have been discussing an international wheat agreement through which they will be able to control the distribution and price of this vital commodity. Before long I anticipate that we shall hear of an agreement being concluded. This in itself will form part of the background of a comprehensive scheme to plan and assist the rehabilitation of the world after the war has been won.

An United for Peace

S^t FREDERICK LEITH ROSS, for long Chief Economic Adviser to the British Government, and thereafter Chief Civil Servant in the Ministry of Economic Warfare, has been devoting a great deal of his time to these problems of the near future. As chairman of an economic committee, set up by the Conference of United Nations, he has for some months been at work on this fascinating, but alarmingly complicated task. Up to now the question has primarily been concerned with Europe, and it is natural that the United Nations should be thinking rather in terms of what will be required by the liberated peoples—when they are liberated—than of our enemies. Estimates have to be formed of the actual food situation which may be expected to exist in all those lands, many of which are today dragging out a grim existence on, or barely above, the starvation level. It will be our first task to get food to these people, and for that shipping must be allocated, and transportation and distribution systems organised on the Continent.

In all these things the efforts of Britain and the United States will be pooled, and Sir Frederick will soon be going to Washington for detailed discussions with the American Government. The latter will probably consider that the future needs of China should also be taken into account, since the United States is for the moment even more deeply engaged in the Far Eastern war than in the decisive struggle now being fought out in Europe.

Dr. "Harpo" Feis

BEFORE he goes, Sir Frederick Leith Ross will have had long talks in London with one of

the most brilliant economists of the United States—Dr. Herbert Feis, Economic Adviser to the State Department, who arrived in London last week. London first made the acquaintance of Dr. Feis during the World Economic Conference of 1933, and took an immediate fancy to him. He is whimsical, both in mind and appearance, faintly reminiscent of a very young Mr. Punch, but known, slightly irreverently, to most of Washington as "Harpo." That is a matter of appearance rather than performance. I do not recall at any time seeing Dr. Feis emulating any of the quaint antics of that famous member of the Marx Brothers' team. But his smooth pink complexion, bright twinkling eyes and a mass of quite uncontrollable curly grey hair do perhaps justify the nickname.

Highly Intelligent

ALWAYS glamorous, another interesting visitor from the United States is Colonel William Donovan, who, during the past year, has become a sort of Pooh-Bah of the Washington Administration. Few people can tell you exactly what is Colonel Donovan's job, because he seems to have acquired so many different responsibilities of late. He is what the R.A.F. would call the "big gen man," which in ordinary language means that he is head of all the intelligence services, with tentacles extending into the service of Information and Political Warfare, among others. He has now more or less recovered from a nasty accident in a Washington taxi not many weeks ago, which cost him a broken leg. It is typical of Bill Donovan's personal courage that, broken leg and all, he somehow managed to catch his train to New York and conduct important business there before becoming so seriously ill that he was obliged to go to hospital.

It may be remembered that on his last trip to Europe, Colonel Donovan made an extensive tour of the Middle East and Balkans. That was before the German attack on Greece, and I think it is fair to say that the advice which he strongly pressed on Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir John Dill, then C.I.G.S., when he met them in Cairo on his return from Belgrade and Athens, played an important part in deciding the British Government to send an expeditionary force across the Mediterranean.

A practical soldier with a fine campaigning record, Colonel Donovan was convinced that the Allies must do all in their power to hold Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey against the enemy as a point of re-entry for a future offensive against the Axis.

Birthday Honours

ALL aspects of our national life, apart from the merited rewards to the fighting Services, were mentioned in the King's Birthday Honours' list. Notable among the Service awards was that bestowed on Sir Andrew Cunningham, who goes to Washington as adviser to our Naval Mission after his remarkable period of service in the Mediterranean when conditions were not as favourable to us as they are now. Sir Charles Portal was also honoured for his inspiring work as head of the Air Force. Apart from these, the most striking announcement in the Honours' List was the barony which has been conferred by the King on Mr. J. M. Keynes, the economist. Mr. Keynes is one of the first economists in the world. His name is known in the widest circles in the United States as well as it is here. He is a Director of the Bank of England—one of the newest—and also a member of a Treasury Advisory Committee. Some believe in Whitehall that he is the most active member of this Committee, and therefore the most influential.



Red Cross Flags For Doughboys

Judy Campbell, the actress, now playing in "Watch on the Rhine," was a seller in London on Red Cross Flag Day, and did some good business with Privates C. Erlenbusch of Detroit, and Gilbert Hartel of Milwaukee, two members of the U.S. Forces in England



Foreign Office Flagseller

The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, was caught by his wife, who was selling flags outside the Foreign Office, as he arrived there on the morning of Red Cross Day. About 25,000 sellers all over London sold the flags, which, for paper economy, were a quarter of the usual size



Mr. Churchill Buys Early

The Prime Minister was waylaid outside Downing Street on the evening before official Red Cross Flag Day on June 9. He bought his flag from Miss Muriel Munbeam, a member of the Adelphi mobile unit, and Mrs. Haviland who works at the Adelphi first aid post

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

I Consult the Critics' Circle

THE world," said Bassanio, "is still deceived with ornament." Meaning that what the cinema-going public likes to read about the film stars is undiluted hooey. Tell that public—which in the long run means you and me, dear reader—that Veronica Lake is a thundering good actress, and we should probably stay quietly at home, as good acting is not at all what we go to the films for. Hollywood knows this perfectly well, and sometimes I think it is the only thing that Hollywood does know. But that romantic village can certainly sell a picture, and here is the way it sells Veronica Lake in *This Gun for Hire* (Carlton). I quote from a leaflet entitled *Press Publicity*:

Veronica Lake, although beautiful, is not a glamour girl. Chiefly, this is because Veronica is one of those screen personalities who do not act continuously on and off. Between scenes, she is an average American girl who might be mistaken for a movie fan looking for autographs. She likes to loll comfortably in a chair, or sit crosswise in it.

In real life, she prefers to dress in a mode that is far from an actress's habit. Her favourite attire is slacks and a leather jacket.

Veronica's most glamorous feature is her hair, described as honey blonde. The world knows it is long, wavy and eye-covering. So, in real life, she revels in doing that hair up in a knot and tucking it under a turban, or even doing it up into pigtails! Veronica loves to joke. A laugh is something mighty fine to her.

So, with unglamorous intent, she clowns

right up to the time of a scene. Then, amazingly, when the cameras turn, she becomes the glamour girl the world knows.

And this is not the end of the nonsense. I continue:

Veronica Lake's real name is Constance Keane. . . . Her screen name, Veronica Lake, is a strange, double coincidence. Producer Arthur Hornblow coined it not knowing her mother's name is Veronica and that she was born at Lake Placid in New York.

Her first big rôle was in *I Wanted Wings* in which she played a vicious siren. Then she became a sympathetic, likeable heroine and comédienne in *Sullivan's Travels*. Now she has a great dramatic rôle opposite Alan Ladd and Robert Preston in *This Gun for Hire*, which Paramount will screen on at the Theatre.

AND now I want to ask a question. A question which will seem odd coming from one who has been a practising journalist for close on forty years. But it is a genuine question, and I do not know the answer though I guess it. *What is the meaning of the two sets of dots in the foregoing quotation?* Can it be that up and down the country provincial film critics take this stuff direct from the producing firm and dish it out in their local newspapers as original matter? Is it possible that some of London's suburban film critics are spoon-fed in the same way? My curiosity in the matter is so great that I think I shall have to approach the Critics'

Circle and discover what view that august body takes of automatic writing of this order.

AND now, reader, permit me to draw your attention to one of the most remarkable sentences that have been given to the world since the invention of printing. Here it is:

"When Veronica accompanied a friend to a studio for a test, a director offered her a rôle, which she turned down because she had no acting experience."

I believe this because I have will-power, and like the White Queen in *Alice* I can believe as many as six unbelievable things before breakfast. Mind you, believing can sometimes be difficult. I should find it much easier to credit, for example, that when a friend took Veronica to a studio for a test, the director turned her down because she had had a great deal of acting experience! Now I do not want the reader to jump to the conclusion that because so much nonsense has been written round *This Gun for Hire* it is a bad picture. On the contrary, it is an enormously exciting one.

PARAMOUNT director Frank Tuttle has skillfully blended a thrilling spy drama with psychopathic overtones, resulting in taut action and suspense. The three leading rôles are played by Veronica Lake, Robert Preston and Alan Ladd who all give exceptionally fine performances. Ladd is the psychopathic killer, hiring his services to the highest bidder. Tormented each night by nightmares of a killing which he committed as a youth, he derives satisfaction during the day from the sheer lust of murder. Miss Lake is a night-club singer who is introduced to a U.S. Senator investigating saboteurs, and agrees to work for the cause. Robert Preston plays a detective, and sweetheart of Miss Lake. As the hireling of a man selling secrets to enemy agents, Laird Cregar plays the part of one who hates violence but does not hesitate to employ others to do the killing.

I now propose to let the reader into a secret. This is that every word of the preceding paragraph beginning "Paramount director Frank Tuttle" and ending "do the killing" has been kindly written for me by Paramount in the leaflet alluded to above.

I now ask: How much of current film criticism is money for jam? Perhaps the Critics' Circle knows.

SHALL we for a change, reader, have a few opinions of our own, not dictated by Paramount? My view of this film is that it is one of the most fascinating pictures I have seen for a very long time. The newcomer, Alan Ladd, steps right into the Humphrey Bogart class, plays Robert Preston so completely off the screen that he never begins to be on it, and does the same by Laird Cregar, with the result that twenty-two stone of villainous adiposity vanish into thin air. The only person who is not played off is Veronica.

An interesting point in this film is the endeavour to get a little nearer to the gangster as he really is. The fellow in this picture is the son of a man who was hanged, and was given as a child into the charge of a virago who beat him regularly for eleven years, the result being a very different creature from the unexplained gangster of popular imagination. In my experience the present film is the first to probe beneath the surface here. The American novel has been doing this for some time. It did it superbly in Edward Anderson's *Thieves Like Us*, published in this country in the summer of 1937. Why Hollywood has never filmed this book is only to be explained on the ground that Hollywood doesn't recognise terror and pathos when it sees them.



"Unpublished Story" Tells How London Newspapers were Produced Throughout the Blitz

Anthony Havelock-Allan has produced a film of life in Fleet Street during the days of August and September, 1940. Richard Greene and Valerie Hobson, as Bob Randall and Carol Bennett, are the two reporters instrumental in unmasking a Nazi propaganda movement parading as a Peace Organisation. Trapes (Frederick Cooper) seen above, left, with Valerie Hobson, is the unsuspecting secretary of the organisation. Lamb (Basil Radford, seen with Richard Greene, right) is the Government official who is investigating the activities of the organisation and is instrumental, with Bob's help, in finally exterminating it. It is a great story—a real scoop for the London paper on which Bob and Carol work—but, like so many great stories of the war, it must, for reasons of national importance, remain unpublished

Kipling's Jungle Book

Filmed by Korda, Korda & Korda

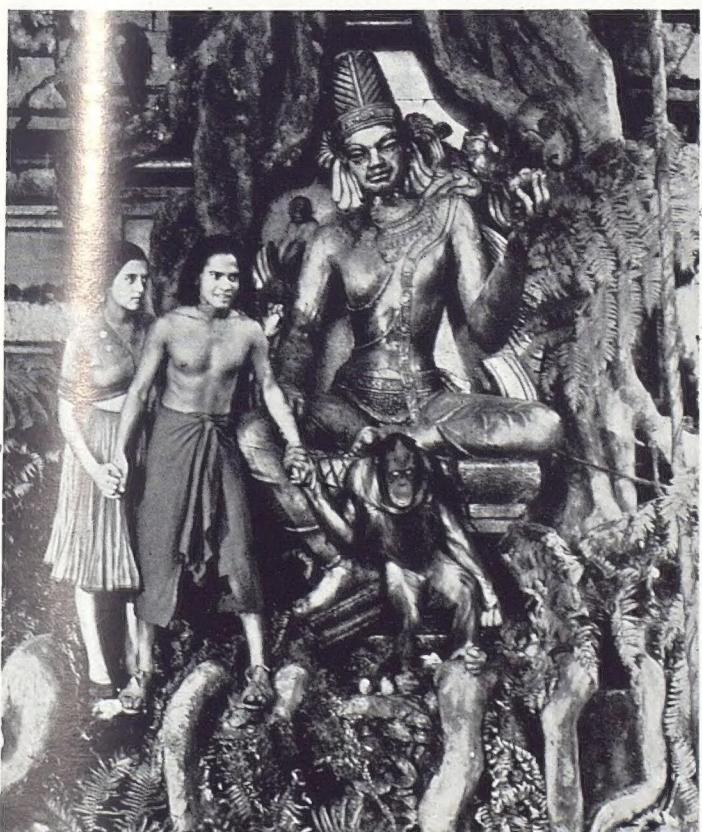


Mowgli's life is saved by his knowledge of the Lost City

Two thousand animal stars make their appearance in the Korda *Jungle Book* film (produced by Alexander, directed by Zoltan, with scenic effects by Vincent). In a huge, specially-constructed ten-acre setting, forty miles from Hollywood, the Korda Brothers recreated Kipling's jungle in Sherwood Forest. £12,000 worth of tropical vegetation were brought from distant places, £4,000 spent on flowers and fauna. Sabu, the young Indian boy who made his name in *Elephant Boy*, was the natural choice to play Mowgli, the wolf boy. All the favourites of Kipling's book are in the film ; Kaa, the wise rock snake, Bagheera, the black panther, Raksha, the she-wolf who mothers and brings up to manhood the infant Mowgli, Baloo, the bear, Mugger the crocodile, the wolves and deer, the great elephant herds and the birds. The Lost City of the Jungle is munificently conceived. It is a spectacular film in technicolor which is now showing at the Gaumont Haymarket



Mowgli and Raksha, the she-wolf who nurtures him in infancy



Mowgli takes Mahala (Patricia O'Rourke), daughter of his treacherous enemy, Buldeo, the chief hunter, to the Lost City in the Jungle. The chimpanzee is Jiggs, already a star in his own right



Mowgli asks his friend, Kaa, the rock snake, for advice on how he can kill Shere Khan, the wicked tiger, who many years earlier had killed his father and now sought to take his life

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Sky High (Phoenix)

THOSE two queens of burlesque, Mesdames Hermione Baddeley and Hermione Gingold, have become popularly associated as a kind of dual constellation in the vaudeville heavens, where they shine with mutual and derisive glory. When last we saw them fooling there together, the slogan was *Rise Above It!* Now it is *Sky High*, which seemed to promise even higher flights of collaborative absurdity. And when, at curtain-rise on the first night, they completed the preliminary parade of stars, their nods and becks and wreathed smiles suggested that they, at least, were ready to assume the comic zenith.

It is true that in this, their latest conjunction, they shine brightest when they shine together. But that happy union was not achieved until late in the show's second part; and until the midway rubicon was crossed, the vagaries of the programme were diverse rather than memorable. Too many of the fifteen items in the first part were poorish in quality, and as they followed one another, disappointment chilled our expectation.

AMONG them I recall with pleasure the assured artistry of Miss Elizabeth Welch, a coloured singer, whose technical skill and consoling voice gave distinction to a so-so jungle scene. Miss Gingold, too, delivered her lecture on the homely art of cycling with exotic bravura; Mr. Naunton Wayne finessed some rather grudging material, and Miss Baddeley, assuming the pneumatic contours of an old-time ballad-singer, did her genius for burlesque rough justice. This first part closed with a musical ensemble, an Edwardian paddle-boat excursion, replete with period confectons and period melodies.

The second part redeemed some of the hostages to perfection conceded by the first. It included half a dozen happy essays, the neatest of which was Miss Welch's *Europa*, saucily perched on a milk-white bull. She sang wittily and well the excellent lyric on that fabulous amour written by Mr. Nicholas Phipps. This was perhaps the most dædalian cameo in the show.



Hermione Baddeley, well padded, in the ballad of the "Bleeding Heart"



Hermione Gingold in "Which Witch?"

ANOTHER commendable item was the submarine duet which at last brought the two Hermiones together as blasé professional mermaids exchanging deep-sea confidences in a mammoth oyster shell, while looking out for pastime from the surface. Here they were audaciously themselves, and confidently gave us the broad burlesque we had hoped for. Mr. Wayne's uncannily true caricature of Mr. Emlyn Williams in *Mid-day Star*, a parody of that popular dramatist's current masterpiece, was a beauty; and Mr. Walter Crisham's "Norwood Nightingale," a croaking chorister whose heyday in the choir was over, was a mordant lament, well written and well rendered.

ONE of the attractions of revue is that you never know what is coming next, and one of the hazards is that hit-or-miss experiment is too often a feature of its make-up. The brevity of the items and their privileged variety seem to encourage its devisers to take chances with material that more formal entertainment would eschew.



Naunton Wayne, nonchalant as ever, strolling on and off the stage, as excellent a raconteur as ever told a story with a double edge



Walter Crisham and Prudence Hyman, as the loveliest dancer in Madrid, in "Arena," the music for which was composed by Edythe "Birth of the Blues" Baker



Elizabeth Welch in "Jungle, Hide My Man," one of her very successful numbers. Later in the show her artistry is at its brilliant best in "Europa," a song of pagan mythology

Molière, they say, used to try out his new plays on an old housekeeper whose unaffected reaction enabled him to anticipate the response of more sophisticated audiences. Entertainment such as this, one feels, might profit by a similar preview. It is a duty that first-night audiences should be spared. By now, no doubt, some of the redundant and indifferent material has been pruned away from this revue, and the show as a whole relieved of at least half an hour of unnecessary tedium.

THE ideal revue, of course, is as rare as any other flawless work of art. One may, however, conjecture some of its ruling factors. Authors and lyricists would be wits and poets, composers their gifted peers. Capturing the fancy straight away, the programme would proceed on stepping stones of each new turn to higher things. It would have infinite variety. Each item would run just short of expectation in length while more than fulfilling it in satisfaction. The running order of the turns would be governed, not merely by technical considerations, but by regard for the show's general design. The company would be a constellation of wits and beauties, complete with shining satellites. And dancing as delightfully accomplished as that of Miss Prudence Hyman would not be lacking.

The producer of such a revue would be a master of all the contributory arts, but obsessed by none. Combining the authority of a Napoleon with the inventive versatility of a Leonardo, he would see each witty point, and never allow a performer to blunt it. Such a revue would not only invite but deserve audiences to match.

Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Arts Theatre Club

Present Jean Forbes-Robertson
in "Twelfth Night"



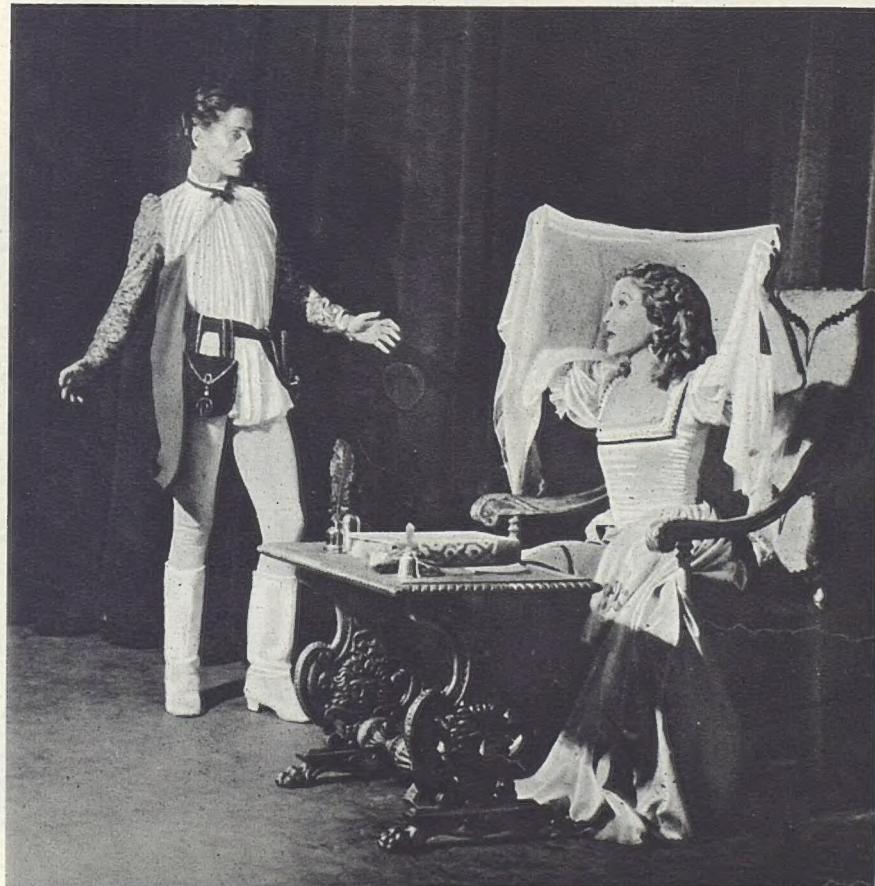
Walter Hudd as Malvolio

"Good fool, help me to some light and some paper;
I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria."



Jean Forbes-Robertson as Viola and Jeremy Hawk as Orsino

"There is no woman's sides can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart."



*Vivienne Bennett as Olivia, and
Jean Forbes-Robertson as Viola*

"We will draw the curtain and show you the picture."

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



*Denys Blakelock as Sir Andrew Ague-cheek
with Russell Thorndike as Sir Toby Belch*

"I could marry the wench for this device."

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Week-end in Scotland

After her strenuous three-days' tour of Scotland with the King, the Queen stayed over the week-end at Carberry Tower with her elder sister, Lady Elphinstone, whom she has not been able to see for some time. It was a very happy little "break" for her, and one which she enjoyed immensely. Incidentally, the royal visit to Edinburgh was a striking illustration of the way in which the war has shorn all such visits of pageantry and ceremonial: even the century-old Ceremony of the Keys was omitted. The ceremony, emblematical of the loyalty of the Scottish capital, has been performed for hundreds of years whenever a Sovereign has crossed the city boundary, and successive Lords Provost have handed the keys of the city to visiting monarchs in token of the "submission" of the proud city to the royal will. For the duration of the war, however, the King has decided that all such ceremonies must be cut, in order that no valuable time may be wasted.

Regional Commissioner

Lord Rosebery, though still from being his old self, is much better in health. It will be some time yet before he can fulfil all his duties, and he was not able to be in attendance on the King and Queen as Regional Commissioner for Scotland during their visit; but he did manage to attend the big youth rally at Holyroodhouse, where the Queen sympathised

with him and wished him a speedy and complete recovery. The Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Steward for Scotland, was another of those present at Holyrood. In his uniform as a Group Captain in the R.A.F., the Duke received the King and Queen at the entrance and welcomed them to the Palace, which they have not visited since the Coronation.

The Fourth

THE Fourth of June at Eton was, naturally, but a shadow of its former glorious self, but all the same a good time was had by all. The sun shone and the war seemed a long way off, the only reminder being in the presence of uniforms, both male and female, and the absence of parties, fireworks, and strawberries and cream. Parents were, of course, much to the fore. Sir Edward and Lady Boyle had a schoolgirl daughter with them, and their son and heir was very busy as Captain of the Oppidans. Lady Boyle's black frock, with a design of brown and white spaniels, was amusing, though her husband did not like it. Lady Edward Hay was going around looking very smart in brown and blue, and had Sarah and Caroline with her. Mrs. Neame had her Bendix boy, top-hatted like the rest. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer were together, he in uniform, and she in an ice-blue frock and huge red hat matching her gloves and bag. Lady Haddington was another very smart, her outfit being royal blue, with a tiny pink sailor hat perched well forward. Lady Verney had also chosen a summery-looking get-up, and was in aquamarine blue, very proudly going round with her daughter, Mrs. Thorne, with her infant in his pram. Round and about Eton I saw Lady Nunburnholme flashing by in a car; Lady Wharncliffe driving "in style" in a local cab, which was a pre-last-war landau, with its Jehu in a Panama hat; and waiting in a queue for a London-bound coach at Windsor I saw Lady Violet Benson.



Young Winston Steps Out

The Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, who is working for the W.V.S. in London, had a visit from her small son, Winston, up from the country for the day. Winston junior, at eighteen months, already shows a distinct resemblance to his illustrious grandfather. His father, Captain Randolph Churchill, M.P., recently joined the Commandos in the Middle East



Father and Daughter

Lady Patricia French, the Earl of Ypres' only daughter, was photographed in A.R.P. uniform with her father. Lord Ypres married Miss Violet Irvine last October, and the same month Lady Patricia announced her engagement to Mr. Henry E. R. Kingsbury

Private View

THERE were plenty of people at the Leicester Galleries for the private view of Sickert's last work, which is being exhibited with thirty new water-colours by Mr. Ethelbert White. The High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Vincent Massey were there; Lady Aberconway, Sir John Squire, Lady Jowitt, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Austin Trevor, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lee, and a general bustle of people.

The Sickert oils all date from 1938 to 1941, and include a specially lovely one of Bath, some of its "milky" buildings deliciously lit and shadowed. This picture is called "The Paragon," and there are several others to immortalise the beautiful city before its battering. The drawings represent his work at many phases, and are pleasingly characteristic of its varying individuality.

Pictures Aid Russia

MME. MAISKY opened the exhibition of Modern Paintings and Sculptures organised by the Association of Architects, Surveyors and Technical Assistants for the Aid to Russia Fund of the National Council of Labour—the total proceeds are to buy surgical supplies for the Soviets. The exhibition is in Mr. Ernö Goldfinger's attractive modern house, 2, Willow Road, N.W.3, which is on the edge of Hampstead Heath. The pictures are worthy of the cause they aid: a Picasso, "La Nicoise," lent by Mr. Hugh Willoughby; a small Douanier Rousseau, "The Actor"; a Max Ernst; some Henry Moores and Graham Sutherlands; some Johns, always triumphant; two small Paul Klees; a curious red-and-white concoction by Ozenfant; two Massons; and some sculptures by Kurt Schwitters are specially interesting.

Mobile Canteen from Canada

THERE was a Canadian women's tea-party to celebrate the gift of a mobile canteen from members of the Canadian Women's Club to their president, Lady Bessborough, who was asked to dispose of it as she thought best. Lord Bennett made a short speech explaining all this, and also referred to Lady Bessborough's recent accident, from which she has recovered enough to be about again. She made a speech in reply, and handed the keys of the canteen to Mrs. Emmett, W.V.S. County Organiser for West Sussex. Others there were Lady Lever, Lady Donegall, Lady Dashwood (in black and white), Mrs. Eric Charles, Mrs. Rous Mallory,



Lady and Dog

Lady Isabel Milles took her dog for a walk just off Piccadilly one fine afternoon. She is the youngest of the Earl of Sondes' three sisters. Lord Sondes, who succeeded his uncle in 1941 as the fourth Earl, married Pamela McDougall in 1939



Poole, Dublin

Racing at Phoenix Park

Mrs. S. R. Lignell, wife of the well-known Irish golfer, and Mrs. Pierce Synott watched Suntop win the T.Y.O. Plate at Phoenix Park, Dublin. Mrs. Synott is the late Sir Abe Bailey's daughter, and her husband is the Admiralty official who helped arrange the *Thetis* enquiry before the war.

Mrs. John Hope (who works for the Beaver Club), Mrs. Tuscan, Mrs. Maclean (in grey), Lady Walker (with feathers in her hat), Major-General E. W. Sansom, D.S.O., and lots of nice Canadian women.

Thriller to Help Hospital

In aid of the Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital, a new thriller was performed at the Scala Theatre (kindly lent by Mr. A. A. Abrahams) by the Never Again Association. It was written by A. Non, the original disguise of a well-known dramatist now in the Forces, and was produced by Mary Russell Tavernon, who also played the leading part, and directed by Mr. B. Charles Dean. Others in the cast were Miss Maude Lambert and Mr. John Clifford. Among people in the audience were Lady Suenson-Taylor, talking to Mrs. Keith Dobson between acts; Mrs. Tollemache, Mrs. Read-Davis, Lady Fulton, with Mrs. Larking; Mr. Digby d'Avigdor, Mr. John Young, and Miss Ione Bluett-Duff. Mrs. Robert Dudley-Ryder made a speech about the Never Again Association, and Mr. Ernest Taylor, vice-chairman of the Hospital, made a speech of

thanks. Mrs. John Eden was chairman of the committee for the show, and is well known as an energetic worker for charity.

New Play at Oxford

A PLAY by Lord Berners, called *The Furies*, has just been performed for the first time by the Oxford Repertory Company—after a riotous week of melodrama chez Tod Slaughter. The poignant theme of the play is an author plagued by society women, and people in leading parts are Miss Rosalie Critchley, Mr. Michael Golden, Mr. Sigrid Lanstad and Mr. Ian Lubbock.

President at Party

DR. BENES, the Czechoslovak President, was guest of honour at this month's Allied Officers' Party given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League. Naval observers from the Argentine, Chile, Ecuador, Peru and Uruguay, who are on an official visit to this country, added variety; and American officers are still fairly novel. Among Ministers, ex-Ministers and M.P.s were Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India, and Mrs. Amery; Sir William and Lady Jowitt, Colonel Walter Elliot, M.P., Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare; Lady Sinclair, representing her husband, the Secretary of State for Air; Mr. George Hicks, M.P., of the Ministry of Works and Buildings, who, with Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., is responsible for the Serpentine fishing, which is to start this month; Sir David and Lady Maxwell-Fyfe (he is the new Solicitor-General); Mr. Hore-Belisha, Mr. Somerset de Chair, who was wounded in Libya, and is now Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Ministry of Supply; Miss Florence Horsbrugh, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health; Wing Commander Grant Ferris, M.P., just back from the Middle East; Mr. Beverley Baxter, the Duke of Connaught, Major Jackson, who commands the London Fire Brigade; Sir Harry Brittain, who seemed to know everybody in the room; Sir Louis Greig, Miss Pauline Gower, who commands the Women's Air Transport Service; Lady Willingdon, of course; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny (she still manages to look like a cut-out illustration from *Vogue*); Squadron Leader Nettleton, V.C. (now in America), and his fiancée, who is a member of the Club. Their health was drunk at the party, at which Lady Lucas received the guests, as usual.

(Concluded on page 376)



A Cup of Tea for Lord Bessborough

At the Canadian Women's Club tea-dance, in honour of the Fifth Canadian Armoured Division, Miss Shaffner poured out tea for the Earl of Bessborough, a former Governor-General of Canada. Miss Shaffner is Matron of the 15th Canadian Hospital in England



A Talk With Lady Malcolm

Lady Malcolm, wife of Sir Ian Malcolm, was another guest at the Canadian Women's Club, and was chatting to Colonel H. M. Eider at the tea table. She is a daughter of the late Lady de Bathe, who is so well remembered as Lily Langtry



C. B. Cochran is Godfather at a Christening

Mr. C. B. Cochran was godfather to Susan Ringold, at her Maidenhead christening. She is the first baby of Phyllis Stanley and Hugo Ringold, the well-known orchestra leader, now a pilot serving abroad. He has never seen his daughter. Phyllis Stanley, whose last film appearance was in "The Next of Kin," is playing in "We'll Smile Again," the new Flanagan and Allan picture now in the making.



An Anglo-American Engagement

Gabrielle Brune announced her engagement a short time ago to Major Walter Currie, of the U.S. Army. They were photographed at her London flat overlooking the Park. Gabrielle is now singing and dancing as Sally, in that very bright show, "Full Swing," at the Palace Theatre. Her fiancé comes from Greenwich, Connecticut, U.S.A.



Bee Lillie is in one of her most brilliant moods in "Bird Song." She parodies mercilessly the early-morning passions of the lovesick maiden. Her poem of love is disconcertingly interrupted by the banging of the shutter. "Damn and blast the shutter!" she cries, relaxing into the old Bee we know and bringing us back to earth with deadly certainty.

"When I hear music, and the music is gay, I dance," sings Patricia Burke, emphasising her words with an expert exhibition of tap-dancing. For the final chorus she has the support of the four Buddy boys, reminiscent of the Dead End Kids. Pat Burke, daughter of Tom Burke and his wife, Marie, is ambitious and works hard to achieve success in the career she has chosen. Her improving talents are evidence of real hard work and constant practice, with which nothing is allowed to interfere.

Walk Up! Walk Up!

See "Big Top" at His Majesty's
The Show with the Cochran Touch

Charles B. Cochran has been called "Britain's Prince of Entertainers, the man who made Piccadilly Circus the centre of the world." In his silver jubilee revue, *Big Top*, he has given London another great entertainment. Its predominant note is mockery, and he has chosen brilliant artists to point the satire: Beatrice Lillie, London's most sophisticated comedienne; Fred Emmey, whose air of nonchalant geniality endears him to the audience from the moment of his first appearance; Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, who bring back nostalgic memories of carefree days when musical comedy was the rage; and Patricia Burke, whose artistry improves with every show in which she is seen and who has developed into one of the most skilled and bewitching of our young actresses. To such proven artists are given the witty words of Herbert Farjeon, the costumes of Doris Zinkeisen, the decor of Oliver Messel and Rex Whistler, the choreography of Buddy Bradley. The result is *Big Top*.



Memories of brilliant first-night audiences are recalled by a flash-back to the Covent Garden of pre-war days. There are the old stagers who, recalling the days of Diaghilev, can find nothing good in a new production; the balletomanes who can find nothing to criticise, the social stars who "simply must be there," and the gay old roué with his new girlfriend.





Shakespeare has not escaped the rapier of Mr. Farjeon's wit. He is represented by "Mockbeth," with Beatrice Lillie as Lady Macbreath, Cyril Ritchard as Macbreath, and Fred Emney, exquisite in his kilt of cunning cut, as Macbluff. Old Drunken (Robin Hood), told to go to bed by the ruthless Lady Macbreath, is hopefully putting his boots out to be cleaned, little dreaming how narrowly his hours are numbered



A very resplendent Fred Emney lines up for the grand finale, "India." It may be a beautiful portrait of Fred, but the pipe looks a little out of place. At least, we have always thought of Fred with a cigar in his hand. Certainly throughout the show he is never without one, and we are told by Mr. Cochran that the number he gets through daily is alarming



"Flamingo," one of the most colourful and haunting memories of the show, is sung by Patricia Burke (centre). On her right, the garland of flowers hanging to her waist, is Yoma, the dancer, a young Dutch girl presented by C. B. for the first time on the London stage. Decor and costumes are designed by Oliver Messel



Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott as bride and groom in "Wedding Reception." There is nothing Uncle Dick enjoys more than a good wedding feast, and he is out to do himself and everyone else proud. After all, he has known the bride since she was "so high," and "She'll make a darn fine filly" he insists on repeating, to the embarrassment of the bridal couple

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AMERICANS, a gossip reports, are "mystified or amused" by the short canes British Army officers carry. It's an offshoot of the old American walking-stick inhibition, in our unfortunate view, and connected distantly with the old American spat-and-eyeglass trauma.

We personally combated the walking-stick inhibition in New York by explaining that it was a swordstick with a secret invisible spring, and that we were pursued day and night by bravoes in the pay of Sidney Webb, Lord Passfield, the eminent economist, a typical colourful Renaissance figure, like Lorenzo the Magnificent. It was an old vendetta, we said. They understood that. We told them how we once fought five of these *sibiri* in the Strand by torchlight one dark night and how once, at a party in Green Street, a masked figure tried to poison us with a signet-ring. That, we said, was why the British habitually carried walking-sticks, so called. They weren't dudes; just brave desperate men fighting for their lives against a sinister and unscrupulous tyranny. A chap asked us what started our private vendetta and we said Ricardo's Theory of Rent, for upholding which many heroes had paid with their lives, as the Tower dungeons could witness to-day. Asked to explain Ricardo's Theory of Rent we refused, saying it involved the life and honour of a sweet, good woman. And as Americans are naturally chivalrous, that shut 'em up.

Check

FLEET STREET'S Lunatic Fringe took a double rap on the snozzle recently. Before those questions in the House a chap wrote to the *Times* saying the Press astrologer boys are a public menace and should be gagged for the duration.

Maybe he was right. In some papers—he quoted an instance—you find a leading article dwelling on the intense gravity of the situation and the need for strenuous exertion; and on the same page you find a little Buddy of the Stars assuring his myriad dopes that Germany will crack up three months hence. So why need anybody exert himself after that? But this chap's simple remedy can't be applied, as Mr. Brendan Bracken admitted. More sodden with childish superstitions to-day than it has been since the Renaissance, the Race would attack anybody laying a finger on its adored medicine-men, and probably tear him in pieces.

A seemingly better remedy would be for somebody to note and check carefully every prediction by the Press soothsayers and publish the result monthly, with marginal notes showing how many, if any, have come off. We began checking up ourselves some time ago, but grew bored, realising also that it is quite useless. There is a kind of stupidity, as Slogger Heine said to the President of the M.C.C., against which high Heaven itself fights in vain. "Really?"



"... Also in town to-night is a glass manufacturer who has invented a substitute for sand"



"Do you happen to have a record of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5, with 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo' on the other side?"

said the President vaguely. "Is that so? (Oh, nice cut, sir!) Really?"

Footnote

WE asked a powerful Fleet Street chap recently why they don't drop the astrologers. He said "We'd love to drop the silly (so-and-so's), but we daren't. The (so-and-so) public would go crazy." We've never realised before what the art of Leading Public Opinion means, with a hey derry down.

Snobismus

GEOORGES DUHAMEL, in one of his delicious Pasquier novels, says it's always safe to address any chance-met Frenchman politely as "Monsieur le Président," because in France *un coco quelconque* is bound to be president of something, the Café Waiters' Union, the Old Boys of Ste. Radégonde College, some society doing rescue-work or educating the Chinese, the Fouilly-les-Oies Town Band Supporters' Club, or what have you. And if he isn't he'd like to be.

We thought of this when a colonel wrote to the papers recently saying there weren't enough old school, regimental, and club ties about, and everybody ought to wear one (including, presumably, members of that National League for the Suppression of Haberdashery which would spring up almost at once). It's not a question which excites us wildly, but we feel the colonel's psychology has dropped a stitch. When everybody wears some sort of corporate tie, superior chaps will ostentatiously wear no ties at all. Just after World War I, as your Great-Uncle Joseph will tell you, if sober, there was a widespread kind of snobbery leading chaps to refuse the peerages which were being sold wholesale at the time, like groceries. Similarly with any other herd-brand. It is inevitable.

When we add that one kind of corporate tie, made of stout hemp, should certainly be more widely worn, just once, by certain citizens, you'll know we're in one of our elfin or Barrie moods. Take no notice of us peeking roguily from behind yon bonnie lavender-bush, replace that halfbrick, and trip on.

(Concluded on page 366)

Get a Load of This

Stage Star and Stable Owner
Mr. Vic Oliver



Consultation on the week's events is the Sunday morning ritual at Eastbury. Vic Oliver is seen with his trainer, "Billy" Larkin, and Mrs. Larkin



Vic goes down to the paddock with trainer Larkin to admire his latest purchase, Pennyleaf. Pennyleaf rather likes being photographed and cocks her ears forward approvingly

Chancery has finished his racing career. Half-hidden by the cow parsley in the orchard, he grazes peacefully in the brilliant sunshine. Soon he is to go to stud



The owner leads the way past the Old Plough at Eastbury on the return home from road exercise. Vic Oliver is on Sifky, leading Pennyleaf, Indiantea and Semiramis

Amongst the latest recruits to the war-depleted ranks of racehorse owners is Vic Oliver, the Prime Minister's wise-cracking son-in-law. (In 1935 he married Sarah, Mr. Winston Churchill's second daughter, now in the W.A.A.F.) Vic's stables at Eastbury, near Lambourn, are in charge of W. F. Larkin, the Epsom trainer. Vic is an enthusiastic owner. Week-ends are the only time he can spend at the stables, and frequently he catches a late train after the show at the Hippodrome on Saturday night so that he can be in the saddle at six next morning for the early gallops. He never bets, simply because he has no inclination to do so. So far he hasn't been able to see his horses race. That is because he has the happy knack of choosing successful shows, which allow him little free time. *Get a Load of This* looks like rivalling *Black Velvet*, which was seen by nearly a million theatre-goers

At 6 o'clock on a Sunday morning, Vic Oliver is in the saddle. Here he is on Sifky, leading the string round the exercise yard. On the left is Pennyleaf, on the right Indiantea



Young Arthur Ring rode in his owner's colours for the first time at Salisbury. He has brought Indiantea from the stables for Vic Oliver's inspection



Standing By ...

(Continued)

Ersatz

WHEN the 10th Hussars were mechanised, a military authority observes, Lieut.-Gen. Willoughby Norrie, now in Libya, diverted his passion for horses instantly into a passion for tanks, and soon became their master.

Tanks, a less adaptable horseman tells us, have one obvious advantage over our long-faced chums: they don't remind you in grey moods of Lord's. Otherwise, he says, their temperament is less attractive in every way, and he doubts if any tank will ever inspire a tear-jerker like *Black Beauty*, one of our childhood's delights, still less that charming book Lord Mottistone wrote recently about his old charger, Warrior. The modern child finds probably *Black Beauty* (a very Anglican horse, as H. G. Wells observed) a bore, and would love to see a Valentine or a Churchill galumphing round the paddock. The modern child does not realise that tanks won't rescue you from danger with their teeth, but just sit there, humped up and sneering.

Why the Wooden Horse, which was practically a tank, was able so easily to fool the Trojans is no mystery to us, incidentally, whatever the duns may think. The Trojans thought it was Helen's Aunt Elizabeth from the Quorn country.

Tip

S COWLING General Crüwell, Rommel's hardfaced Chief of Staff, now a prisoner, should obviously have been betrayed by a

spy named Snake and captured by Captain Jack Hearty, whose uncle old Sir Jeremy Gripe had cut him off, at the instigation of Lady Betty Tattle and Sir Jasper Snarl, for engaging the affections of Angelica Truelove.

We constantly wish the theatre would restore the fine old tradition of naming its characters conformably to their natures. Long before the curtain rose on an old servant named Trusty talking to a chap named Sneak about Sir John Brute you knew from the playbills the usual dirty business would be afoot, and you could take a cosy nap till things developed. So far have playwrights travelled in their attempts to confuse and annoy the public that we once sat through a three-act play by Paul Géraldy in which the only characters were He, She, and a telephone. Any optimist who expected that He would be rolled on to the stage naked in a wheelbarrow, shouting "Vive l'Amour!" and releasing flocks of white doves and the Flags of All the Nations, was doomed to disappointment. The chap He didn't even liven up the somewhat dull proceedings by balancing She on the end of a billiard-cue. Had Géraldy called his people by the French equivalent for Mr. Lovechat and Miss Gabbleworthy one could have gone to the pictures. Is James ("Boss") Agate in the house? All right, Boss, we're just leaving.

Trick

DAME NATURE, D.B.E., the frampold old haybag, has just played a characteristic trick on a City slicker we know who bought a cottage in the remote South early last summer on the strength, chiefly, of a —what? "Lush"? Oh, thanks—a lush



"Well, good-night, Mum. I can't kiss you, I've just had my bath"

three-acre orchard snowy with appleblossom. Just to larn him to stay in the Big Smoke, where he belongs, Dame Nature brought up her caterpillar reserves this spring, not a flicker of blossom is perceptible anywhere, and the birds are laughing their heads off.

This chap will now have to buy apples of an inferior kind, one at a time, from the county town, like the rest of us, or gouge them out of cans, which will annoy him nearly as much as the chap at Dunottar. Students of modern Scottish social history are familiar with the case of the young man of Dunottar, who spent Saturday night with a cottar; at the start it was splendid, but before it was ended he was cursing R. Burns for a rottar. This was because the cottar now feeds not on halesome parrich but on Glup and Spoom and Blop, like everybody else.

Meditation

P EELING the rare and unrefreshing fruits of rationing, we often reflect that in the days when Slogger Tennyson wrote so lusciously:

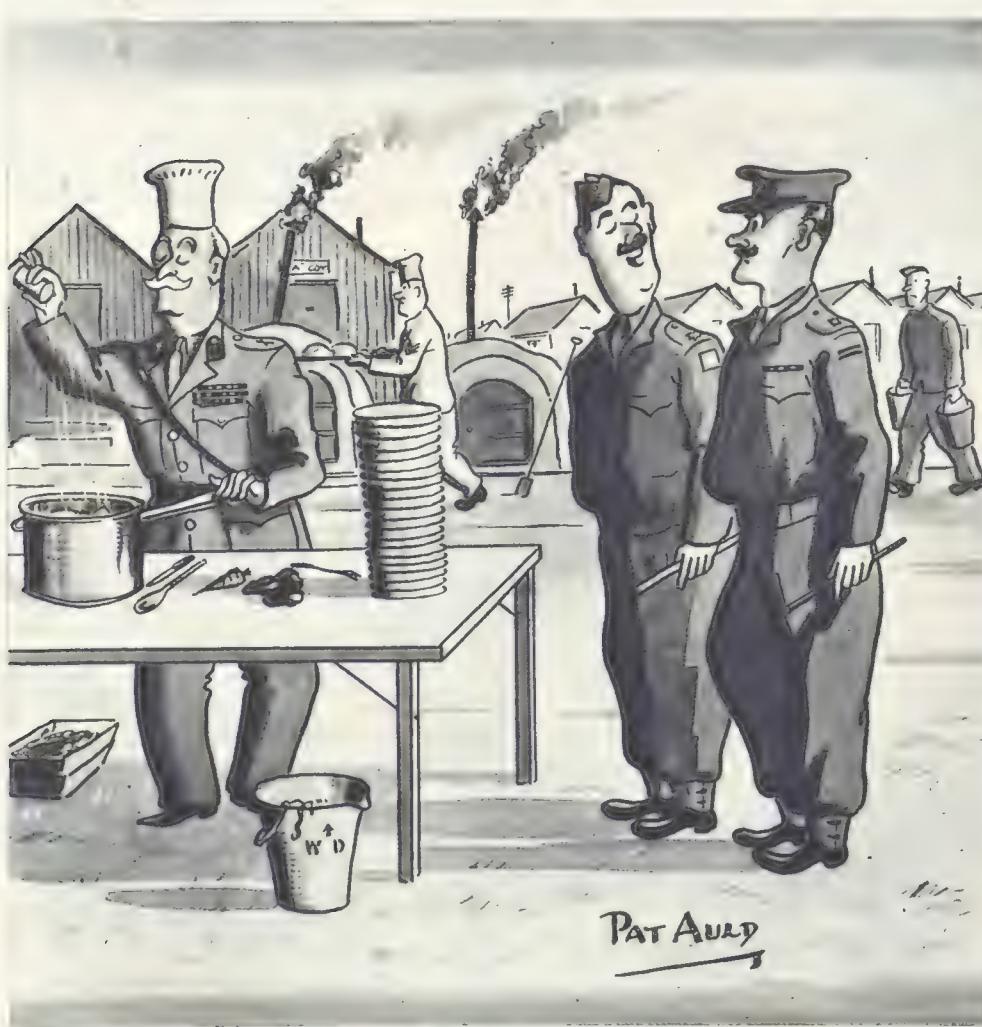
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night,

the Victorians used to feed entrancing apples like this to pigs. Moreover such apples then grew on trees everywhere, and often rotted in heaps because the Victorians couldn't be bothered to pick them up. An incredible people! We're told they had four legs apiece and eyes in their chests. Cobden's statue in High Street, Camden Town, has only three, due to prudery, no doubt.

Afterthought

SPEAKING of the great Victorians, a critic the other day wrongly attributed the line "Never the time, and the place, and the loved one all together" to Tennyson. "Place" should be "plaice," and the line was uttered in a high fury by Browning on being chucked by a blonde for a luncheon-date at Prunier's.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He says he's the new Cook-General . . ."



Putting the "IT" into the I.T.W.

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Life in many a small town is brightened by the stirring spectacle of R.A.F. recruits of the Initial Training Wings, with white "flashes" in their caps, marching along at lightning speed (140 paces to the minute—the Army does 120) through the streets to their requisitioned houses and hotels. They are all volunteers for air crews, and their ages vary from eighteen to thirty-one. After passing through the Receiving Centres they are posted to the I.T.W.s for an intensified course in P.T., drill, navigation and other ground subjects, followed by an examination. The next stage is an Elementary Flying School; next comes the Central Flying School, then the Operational Training Unit, before they are finally posted to their Operational Squadrons



Lady Romaine Cecil and Miss Diana Wake were with Lady Violet Benson and her sailor son at the Fourth, which was held this year with a minimum of display. Wonderful sunshine made up for any lack of pre-war glory



Mr. C. A. Elliott, headmaster of Eton since 1933, chatted in the shade to General Smith. Mr. Elliott is a son of the late Sir Charles Elliott, one-time Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal



Lord Portarlington and Lieut.-Sir Sergison Brooke were among those who watched the afternoon's cricket at Agar's Plough and Upper Club

No Fireworks For Miss Eton

At the Third and Quietest Fourth of June Since the War



There was the usual cricket at Agar's Plough and Upper Club. Eton played the Eton Ramblers before a large crowd of spectators



(Left) Another Old Etonian at the Fourth was Commander Locker-Lampson. He and his wife were together, and both in uniform

(Right) Mr. John Gilmour and Lord Blandford sat with Miss Diana Gilmour and Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie to watch the cricket



The Rabbit Club, a co-operative rabbit farm, attracted much attention from parents and owners, who are now raising this form of animal





Lady Newman took her two elder daughters, Annabel and Lynette, and Miss Fitzallan was with them. Lady Newman is Sir Cecil Newman's wife, and has two sons and another daughter besides those in the picture



Lady Warrender and her youngest son, Robin, went to inspect the inmates of the Rabbit Club, which was a serious counter-attraction to cricket in the day's amusements



Sir Edward and Lady Boyle went to Eton to see their elder son, Edward, on the Fourth, and took their daughter, Anne, with them. Sir Edward is himself an Old Etonian



Etonian silk hats are put to many uses, and this young conjurer brought a rabbit out of his. The rabbit was not amused



Lady Anne Fitzroy, Miss Jean Cobbold, Patrick Cobbold and Mr. Giles Cartwright watched the proceedings together. At the back are John Cobbold and Robin Lowe. Lady Anne is the Duke of Grafton's daughter

Lord Balgonie, Miss Willoughby, Lady Dashwood and Mr. Leslie Melville occupied four chairs in a row. Lord Balgonie is the son of the Earl of Levin and Melville



John Clements and his Swedish wife, Luga, spend a lot of time in their lovely garden at Chalet Lodge, Farnham Royal. Boxer, the bull-mastiff, appeared with his master in "Ships with Wings"



Robert MacDermot with his wife, Diana, and son, Derry. Mr. MacDermot is the B.B.C. Director of Programmes. His wife is well known as Diana Morgan

Neighbourly Collaborators

The John Clements and the Robert MacDermots



The two families get together for a "Dig-for-Victory" party. Robert Hamer, associate producer at Ealing Studios (centre), has his own onion patch on the MacDermot "estate"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedge

The framed embroidery bears such famous signatures as Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, Forbes Robertson, Squire Bancroft, George Alexander, Edward Terry, Cyril Maude and Herbert Tree. It is a prized possession of the Clements family

The John Clements and the Robert MacDermots are neighbours at Farnham Common, in Buckinghamshire. Both families have much in common. They share many interests, including the stage and wartime gardening. John Clements is appearing in *Skylark*, with Constance Cummings, and in spare moments is collaborating with Mrs. MacDermot (Diana Morgan) in writing a play. Diana Morgan is the author of *The House in the Square* and, jointly with her husband (Robert MacDermot), of the well-known and popular *Gate Revue*. At the moment she is doing scenario work at Ealing Studios and working with Robert Hamer on a new film. She has contributed to the success of Charles B. Cochran's *Big Top*, at His Majesty's. Robert MacDermot is the B.B.C.'s Director of Programmes



The MacDermots have taken a country house at Farnham Common, near the Clements. They are still busy moving in



Lady Londonderry in the Uniform of the Women's Legion

The Marchioness of Londonderry and Her Youngest Daughter

In 1915 Lady Londonderry founded the Women's Legion, the pioneer women's Service in the Army. She became the first President of the Legion and still is its President. Commandant of the Legion is Mrs. Marjorie Robert, who controls the fleet of mobile canteens which daily travel throughout London and the outlying districts distributing meals to men engaged on national work of construction and in the dockyards. One of the Legion's most enthusiastic workers is Viscountess Bury, youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. Her husband, formerly the Hon. Derek Keppel, succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather, the Earl of Albemarle, in April this year. The Burys have one child, a daughter, born in 1941. The Women's Legion need volunteers for full- or part-time work in order to carry on their excellent work. Full information may be obtained from Mrs. Robert, 26, Eccleston Street, London, S.W.



Lady Bury is also a Member of the Women's Legion

Pictures in the Fine

By "Sabretache"

The Leopard Cannot . . .

"**A**t a time when the world was attempting to disarm Germany, he [Von Bock] shocked the post-war politicians by proclaiming publicly that wars are not only inevitable but essential as population regulators. He also advanced the fantastic theory that, if land is to bring forth fertile crops and a thriving humanity, it must be drenched periodically in blood."—William Bayles in the *Sunday Graphic*, 1942.

"We are accustomed to regard War as a curse and refuse to recognise it as the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power. . . ." "War is a biological necessity. . . ." Von Bernhardi in *Germany and the Next War*, 1911.

"The Mariner's" Cavalry Spirit

I HAVE just received the following letter from an old friend whom I have called "The Mariner" because he is one, though now beached for age from the Senior Service, in which he had a distinguished record. Here it is:

My topic in this letter is Cavalry. Can you tell me, Massa Johnson, why it is that both the Germans and the Russians (though the Russians, I think, more extensively) can make use of "Horsed Cavalry"? "Horsed" Cavalry! Ye gods! Why not speak of Seaborne Ships?—with apparently most effective results; whilst anyone in this country who so much as mentions the word "Cavalry" is condemned as a "d—d old Die-hard," if not, indeed, as a Fifth Columnist.

Possibly there is fighting ahead in India, or Iran or Palestine, where, having abolished it all too soon, we shall deeply deplore the most lamentable fact! And (too late, of course) there will arise a cry of "Back to the 'osses again." Too late! For the 'osses' will have largely gone to provide meat pies or other curious concomitants of the wartime menu, and—well, you can't raise and train mounted troops in a few months or so, can you? So that's that!

"The Mariner" is quite right when he asks where are we going to get them now if we decide that we want them. The cavalry soldier is a very specialised product. He has not only to be taught how to fight on and off his horse and to read a map and draw one. There is so much more. For instance, he would not be considered "passed" unless he was sufficiently observant to notice that the dew was on the wrong side of a fallen leaf, or in which direction a twig had been broken. He must have the cunning of a fox and the hunting instincts of a hound, plus the photographic eye of a Sherlock Holmes. I suppose those who have called the cavalry "antiquated," as an extremely ignorant correspondent of mine has recently done, have failed to observe that the Russians have been employing a force of 6000 of these "antiquated" troops and that they have played the cat-and-banjo with the enemy's communications.

Equitation

ALTHOUGH we may never hunt, ride steeple-chases, or play polo again in quite the same way as we used to do, it is very evident that the study of one of the most difficult of the applied sciences is quite unlikely to die out, for only the other day even Doctor Joad and his friends were asked why people always mounted a horse from the left, or near, side, and why the right, or off one, should not be deemed equally appropriate. Being merely an amateur, and also fearing to butt in upon such a learned conclave, I had not the pluck to ring them up and tell them that the real answer was "Both sides." The near side is merely a habit, and I think a bad one, for you never know in an emergency, such as a bumper out hunting, a fall in a 'chase, or a cavalry encounter, a thing now demonstrated to be by no means an unlikely possibility, which side of the animal may be available. Also mounting from both sides is a very good athletic exercise and corrects clumsiness.



Tennis For Charity D.R. Stuart

Major Bob Tinkler, tennis international and Oxford Blue, now a Sapper specialist, doesn't get much time for play these days. Above he is seen with his wife at a recent Red Cross tennis exhibition at Roehampton. Before the war Major Tinkler won one of the first scientific law scholarships at Balliol.

Mounting the Horse

THIS, of course, is one of the most difficult operations in equitation, especially in some cases, such as when the animal has to have a twitch on its nose, one leg held up, and its head completely covered by a horse-rug. Dismounting is far simpler, and there is no hard and fast rule about it. It can be, and is done: red, bearing two points on the port bow; green, bearing three points on the starboard beam; dead ahead or dead astern; in fact, as a general instruction, it can be said that the rider may box the compass without creating a precedent. I mention these facts in case anyone should try to put another fast one over on the Brains Trust, or upon their quite imperturbable Question Master. Vaulting on to the horse, so we have been told, was a favourite pastime with the officers of King Arthur's cavalry. I wish I had lived in those times and seen a knight, fully clad in mail and plate of Milan steel, try to do it. He must have been carrying at least 28 lb. in dead weight, and equally he must have been a marvellous shot, for their saddles had high cantles (to help the knight take the dunt from the adversary's lance), and very



Agricultural Experts At a Hampshire Farm

Sir George Stapledon conducted 150 Hampshire farmers round Mr. R. Peterson's Hatch Warren Farm, near Basingstoke. Sir George is the well-known agricultural expert and authority on modern grass-growing methods. Sitting with him is Lord Lymington, who is also an authority on agriculture and who himself farmed Hatch Warren before Mr. Peterson took it over



Field-Marshal Smuts Visits the Eighth Army

Field-Marshal Smuts, C-in-C. of the South African Armed Forces, during his recent tour of the Middle East visited General N. M. Ritchie at the Eighth Army H.Q. General Ritchie succeeded General Cunningham as Commander of the Eighth Army last December, and previous to that he was Deputy Chief of Staff, Middle East



Playing For Eton

Three members of this year's Eton Cricket XI. in this picture are S. T. Forbes Adam, Edwin Bramall and C. M. Wheatley. Bramall captains the side and Wheatley is their best bowler; he took four wickets for 37 against Oxford Authentics a short time ago. He is also in the Rugger XV.



Radley College Cricket XI. Start the Season Well

D. R. Stuart

Radley College XI. began the season by beating two Oxford college teams. They are to meet Stowe, Eton and the O.C.T.U., Sandhurst, this month. Sitting : J. F. S. Agar, M. B. Parry-Crooke, J. P. W. Sawtell, L. M. Barker (captain), A. G. Gardner (secretary), M. J. D. Syson (wicket-keeper), J. V. Edwards. Standing : P. Mills (Glos. county, coach), J. M. A. Gunn, D. E. Mathews, N. G. Laing, R. J. Leigh, D. H. C. Borgnis (cricket master)

high peaks from which they hung their tomahawks, spiked bludgeons, and any spare cutlery, and there was mighty little seating space for the knight. However, as we know, they frequently talk of Sir Gammonhead or Sir Bullet-head vaulting on to his arm-gaunt courser, and haring off to get first spear into the nearest available dragon, or into any rival knight who was getting too fresh with the Lily Maid of Astolat. Vaulting in hardware ! I'll wager all Camelot to a mouse-trap that they never did it. One little word of caution, which may help the Brains Trust : if anyone offers to give you a leg-up, do not tender him the *right* leg, because, if you do, you are bound to be placed on the back of the steed wrong way round. This, besides being incorrect, is certain to call forth vulgar remarks from the ribald onlookers.

Gold Cup Tip ?

If we could still believe that the Leger form was a good foundation for the Gold Cup (July 1st), the recent performance of Mr. R. Dawson's Mazarin would reinforce the chances of Lord Glanely's Dancing Time, behind whom

he finished in that race ; but can we do so in view of recent happenings ? In the Leger it was believed that Dancing Time must have beaten both Sun Castle and Chateau Larose if the race had been even a few yards farther. She was a head and a length behind the winner and was going two strides to her conqueror's one, as the jargon of the turf puts it. Mazarin could not find that little burst of speed to go with them ; he led till a quarter of a mile from the W.P., and he was hailed a winner by his numerous supporters. It was then said that the distance was too short for him and the pace not solid enough all the way—accent on the last three words. His jockey endeavoured to correct this when half the journey had been covered, but apparently this was not soon enough to cut down the ones who had been allowed to conserve their brilliant turn of foot—Sun Castle, Chateau Larose and Dancing Time. Mazarin was galloping on at the finish, but then, so was Dancing Time. Now, quite recently (May 16th), he has come out and won a 1½-mile race at Salisbury, giving 7 lb. to Sun Lore and 3 lb. to Selim Hassan, the placed ones, and the same to Dancing Time, who was down the

course. The prophets obviously did not believe in him, for he was anyone's money at tens. They were quite wrong, for the "slow" horse proved very conclusively that he was not as slow as all that, and this cast grave doubts upon the verdict passed upon him on Leger Day. On top of this, Mazarin has come out and won, again at Salisbury, the 1½-mile Dorchester Stakes, for which he started favourite at 15 to 8, so they obviously had by then revised their ideas about him. Dancing Time was again down the course. It looks as if he might be the best investment in the Gold Cup, and as if he had come on even more than Dancing Time has gone back. However, we must never forget that the "ladies" are ever apt to be a bit uncertain in the summer and always less volatile when the leaf begins to turn. Mazarin is going to be difficult to back in the Gold Cup and equally difficult to beat, no matter how good the opposition may be. I suggest that the outstanding facts warrant this conclusion. There is the inevitable fly in the ointment : Mazarin's defeat by Top Coat (getting only 1 lb.) in the 1½-mile Holmsley Plate at Salisbury (May 30th). Top Coat is not top class.



Lieutenant Law Paints on Active Service

Lieut. Charles Anthony Law, R.C.N.V.R., a young Canadian artist from Quebec, now in the Navy, took part in the attack on the Scharnhorst, and was mentioned in despatches for his conduct in the action. His picture of the attack was one of those exhibited at a private show of his work held in London recently. He is seen showing the painting to Lieut. Eric Downton



Officers of an R.A.F. Station

Front row : P.O. R. N. Payne, Flt. Lt. F. Barrett, Flt. Lt. R. W. Pye, Wing Commander V. H. P. Lynham, Flt. Lt. R. Y. Tyrrell, Fly. Off. D. Nealon, P.O. T. Scott. Back row : P.Os. L. J. A. Whittaker, T. E. Allen, M. R. Lacy, P. R. Younson, A. Henderson, R. McKimm

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Angle

THE Scottish invasion of England, up to the present, has not been properly written up. The invasion I speak of has not been made in mass; it has been singly that men from the other side of the Border have taken their places in the English midst. Each has been actuated, I imagine, by a mixture of ambition and curiosity, and also by something more difficult to define. The Germans acknowledge a *Drang nach Osten*; for the Scots, is there an equivalent to the South? Mr. Denis Mackail's biography of Sir James Barrie shows, in its early chapters, how persistently and disturbingly the still unknown South called to one young man.

The Irish invasion has been more ostentatious. We Irish are temperamentally noisier. The Irishman, on his arrival in England, cannot but be at pains to make himself known; the Scotsman is content to make himself felt. English surroundings seem to serve to concentrate rather than dissipate Scottish characteristics. I have never met or heard of (at least in England) a characterless Scot. I associate this race—of which, I must say, I really know very little—with energy, with a saturnine acumen and with almost frightening powers of concentration. Also, with erudition, and with a canniness that works on the intellectual as well as the practical plane. Possibly, also, England—though only “the South” in a very comparative sense—has a mellowing, ripening effect on the Scottish nature. All Scots I meet here strike me as having mellowed. Would this have occurred had they stayed at home?

Mr. Alan Dent is a Scotsman and a critic. It is as a critic that I must try to discuss him: my generalisations about his race are probably rather impertinent. Yet I do feel that his qualities as a critic are, somehow, connected with or based on the fact that he is a Scot. His *Preludes and Studies* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.) offer, as a collection of his short pieces, an excellent opportunity to judge, as well as to relish, his work as a whole. His liveliness and discernment (*vide* the book's wrapper) apply themselves to a wide range of subjects and are in evidence upon every page. The liveliness is not flighty; it, rather, gives the impression of intellectual ease. Mr. Dent is at ease with his subjects; no one of them appears to be startlingly new to him; he can always relate it to something else. He lets fly no remark that is not the result of thought—one may dismiss the idea that, with Mr. Dent, to be lively is ever to be incautious. As for his discernment, it must be an inborn quality brought to a fine point by a love for art and a taste for experience.

Preludes and Studies is divided into three parts—“Persons,” “Plays,” and “Places.” The first is an assemblage of acute portrait-studies, which (with the exception of two papers on Rachel) first appeared

in *John o' London's Weekly*. One can only regret their shortness, due, inevitably, to allotment of space. Such very different people as Paganini, Philip Massinger, Mrs. Henry Wood, Jane Austen, Boswell and the Honourable Mrs. Norton (who wrote “Juanita” and other drawing-room songs and inspired Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*) stand out in a vivid and telling light.

The well known (such as Jane Austen and Boswell) are seen from new angles: to our pre-conceived ideas Mr. Dent has something further to add. His tone is affectionate but without illusion. In other cases—that, for instance, of Massinger, he offers first aid to a too general ignorance. I liked him for getting up early, “feeling rather a fool,” to commemorate the tricentenary of the death of that more sombre of the Elizabethans by laying a bunch of primroses on the Southwark tomb. Massinger had been buried here as “a stranger.” One might say that fellow-feeling, rather than hero-worship, marks Mr. Dent's approach to the “Persons” of whom he writes. His two papers on Rachel, that small pale actress of twenty whose powers stormed the London of 1841—the young Queen plucked roses from her own bouquet and threw them on to the stage—are remarkable evocations of an experience for which we came too late. We might have been left only with the husk of her legend—but Mr. Dent makes Rachel shudder before our eyes.

Theatre

THIS “raising” of Rachel for us is a manifestation of Mr. Dent's strong sense of the past of the theatre. He has not only erudition



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Lionel Whitehead of Goytre Hall

Mrs. Lionel Whitehead has recently retired after four years as Chairman of the Central Women's Advisory Committee of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations of Great Britain. She works hard for the Red Cross as Regional Officer for South Wales and Monmouthshire on the C.H.S.S. Committee and is County Organiser under the Rural Pennies Section of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund. She received the O.B.E. in 1929, and is a J.P. for Monmouthshire

on this subject: he has intense feeling for the theatre's past. For him, no great actor is ever dead; his art reigns on as a living power. He can also give the dates, the fates and the casts of bygone performances. If his study is

not actually stocked with old play-bills and Press cuttings, his memory has unfailing command of these. Unhappy the man who should quarrel with Mr. Dent on any point of theatrical history!

Can one wonder that, given these terms of reference, Mr. Dent shows a relentlessly high standard in his criticism of contemporary plays and players? He expects—and how rightly—much of the theatre. This makes him not a cantankerous but a patient (because always hopeful) critic. Which is not to say that his wittiness must not, at times, be dreaded. His dramatic criticism (reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*) rewards rereading because it is not ephemeral: it has the abidingness of consistency. A sort of general argument as to the right and the wrong in play-construction, production and acting binds the (in most cases) shortish pieces together.

In vain I used to protest that wild flowers look so much lovelier growing in their natural surroundings, and that to drink in the scene, guarding it as a beautiful memory, is more comforting than to live for a little while in a bower which resembles the wild-flower section of a flower show at the end of a long, torrid day. It was never to be. And somehow they reminded me rather of those profuse dog-lovers who keep large dogs in small flats and take them shopping in crowded thoroughfares as a form of freedom and exercise.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE war makes us thankful for minute mercies—yes, even those which war brings in its train! For example, has the countryside this spring ever seemed so peaceful, so divinely country since whoever it was invented the combustion engine? Scarcely a car on the roads and never a one in the lanes! Consequently, it is this year as if the wild flowers—indeed, the whole countryside—were making high holiday. I have rarely seen such profusion. How quiet now are the quiet places!

Oh, yes, I realise full well the blessings which mechanical science has brought into the lives of the city-dweller, to refresh their bodies if not, apparently, to do very much for their minds. The rural scene is theirs; but I could wish that they respect it more; or seem more conscious of the things which make it beautiful. Therefore, this year, how very nice it is to be able to enjoy the dancing shadows of a wood without having one's ecstasy interrupted by the sight of empty bottles, ice-cream cartons, bits of coloured paper and salmon-tins! To be able to visit a beauty spot and to pause awhile without having to solve the problem of finding a spot upon which to pause at all.

Thus it seems to me that Nature has excelled herself this year in giving us a more vivid springtime pageant than I have known for years. Bluebells are growing in profusion and in peace. Violets are scenting the hedgerows in safety. The fields are gay with cowslips. Best of all, one can pass through the streets of a town without

having to see them, derelict and faded, in dirty houses, at 4d. a bunch.

Wild flowers never look so lovely as in their natural setting. I have no patience with those lovers who filch their beloveds in armfuls to make a drawing-room holiday. Primroses in a vase are not to be compared in beauty to primroses in a wood. I would far sooner remember them where they were than ever actually to see them in juxtaposition to a jampot.

In the days before the war I used sometimes to take a couple of flower-worshipping ladies from the town to give them the pleasure of feasting their eyes upon the countryside in its spring blooming. No sooner used I to stop the car to drink in the loveliness of forget-me-nots carpeting a wood than they were outside in a jiffy, and the rest of the afternoon could only be compared to a couple of terriers ratting. They could not pick enough. It mattered not that half their loot was withered before they got home. They were like thieves let loose in a bank.

In vain I used to protest that wild flowers look so much lovelier growing in their natural surroundings, and that to drink in the scene, guarding it as a beautiful memory, is more comforting than to live for a little while in a bower which resembles the wild-flower section of a flower show at the end of a long, torrid day. It was never to be. And somehow they reminded me rather of those profuse dog-lovers who keep large dogs in small flats and take them shopping in crowded thoroughfares as a form of freedom and exercise.

Readers are likely to share my pleasure in “Among the Russians,” “Honoured Guests” (or, visiting foreign companies), “The Gielgud Temperature Chart,” “Notes on an Irish Festival,” “Let Down Lightly”—but, does he call that lightly?—and “Jane Dramatised and Filmed.” “Places”—the third part of *Preludes and Studies* (Concluded on page 376)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Anderton — Bromilow

Lieut. Noel Edwin Anderton, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Anderton, of Coventry, married Irene Mary Bromilow at Epsom. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Bromilow, of Galley, Cheshire



Goodhart — Satow

Lieut. Anthony Goodhart, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Goodhart, of New Mill, Inkpen, Newbury; and Kathrin Elizabeth Satow, elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. Christopher Satow, of Brooklands, Sunbury-on-Thames, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Norton — Wright

Lieutenant John Henry Norton, R.N.V.R., married Cecily Wright at Hampstead Parish Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wright, of Crawley Down, Sussex, and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Norton, of Lisbon, Portugal



dos Santos — Maitland

Senhor Anthony Ribeiro dos Santos, Vice-Consul of Brazil in Southampton, son of the Chancellor of the Brazilian Embassy and Senhora Ribeiro dos Santos, married Nancy Maitland, daughter of Sir Adam Maitland, M.P., and Lady Maitland, at St. Nicholas Church, Remenham, Henley-on-Thames



Bedingfeld — Rees

Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, Bt., Welsh Guards, of Oxburgh Hall, Stoke Ferry, Norfolk, and Joan Lynette Rees were married at Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Rees, of Llwynethin, Llanelli, South Wales



Anne Gabrielle Fenwick

Anne Gabrielle Fenwick, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fenwick, of Newcastle, and Kintail, Hexham, is engaged to Allan James Hogg, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg, of Tynemouth, and The Mount, Hexham



Hagan — Fifoot

Lieut. Erik Hagan, Royal Norwegian Air Force, and Ingrid Beryl Fifoot were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. E. L. Fifoot, of Effingham, Surrey



Mrs. Keith Freeman

Elizabeth Margaretta Travers, daughter of Sq. Ldr. and Mrs. H. G. Travers, of Berkhamsted, married Lieut. Keith Freeman, son of the late Sir Philip Freeman and Mrs. Heath, of The Winter Paddocks, Norwich, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Gompertz — Buxton

Lieut. Philip Arthur Leo Gompertz, R.A., younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. V. Gompertz and Mrs. Gompertz, of Barton-on-Sea, Hants, married Mary Judith Buxton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Buxton, of 49, Grosvenor Street, W.; at Brompton Oratory

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 361)

People

LADY IRIS O'MALLEY was out shopping in London, looking lovely : she lives mostly in the country now. Having a drink with Captain Leslie Pyke were Lord Amulree (Mr. Sholto Mackenzie until his father died last month), Miss Adèle Dixon, talking to Mr. Keiran Tunney, who was on leave from Northern Ireland ; Mrs. A. F. Daubeney, Miss Joan Haslip, the writer, who has dark-red hair ; Mr. Richard Büttner, a charming Austrian in the Pioneer Corps ; Aimee Stuart, the playwright ; and Mr. Norman Hay. Others around and about at different times were Mr. James Pope Hennessy (at the second night of *Sky High*), Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Lord Stanley of Alderley's brother ; Mr. Shane Leslie, Sir Walter Allen, father of the famous cricketer ; and Mrs. McIntyre.

Weddings

SIR EDMUND BEDINGFIELD and Miss Joan Rees were married at the Brompton Oratory in lovely sunshine. The bridegroom is in the Welsh Guards, and the best man, Captain Paul Makins, is in the same regiment. There were three bridesmaids : Miss Frances Bedingfield, Lady Jean Graham and Miss Mary Clifford ; and among relations and friends at the reception were Lady Bedingfield, Miss Margaret Bedingfield, Mrs. Edgar Rees, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rees, Lady Amherst of Hackney, Mrs. Patrick Bellew, her father Lord Decies, the Misses Synoda, Maureen and Sheila Butler, Sir James Calder, Lord and Lady Dunboyne, Lady Dormer, Lord and Lady Fisher, Captain and Lady Gloria Fisher, Mabel Lady Heathcote, the Marques de Torre Hernana, Lady Kingsborough, Lady Jerningham, Lady Strafford, Mrs. Trappes-Lomax, Sir Edwin and Lady Wolseley, and Captain J. A. Woodhouse.

The wedding of Irene Lady Dunn and Captain Murrough O'Brien was a quiet affair at a registry office in Stanmore, but it was followed by a cheery little cocktail-party at the Dorchester. There were a number of young marrieds at the party : Lady Ursula Vernon was one, Mrs. George Brodrick was another ; Mrs. Bickford came with her mother, Lady Courtney, both in black ; the bride's mother, Mrs. Richards, was there, and so was the groom's ; and among other relations I saw Mr. Barry and Mr. Norman Richards, the bride's devoted brothers ; Lady Bridgett Poullett, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Lady Victoria Scott, Lord and Lady Camrose, with their youngest girl, Diana, Mrs. McCorquodale, with husband Hugh, and Miss Kay Norton.

Christening

THE little son of Mr. Robert and Lady Fiona Conroy-Robertson was christened in St. Aloysius's Cathedral, Glasgow. He was named Christopher Ian, and the Rev. John Maddox, Rector of St. Albans, Warrington, performed the ceremony. The baby is the first grandson of Lady Loudoun, and his father is a Scottish portrait-painter.

The godparents are Lady Bute, Lady Barbara Lord, Miss Susan Vernon, Mr. Drew Brown and Sir Alexander Allerton. Lady Jean Wakefield stood proxy for the infant, and carried him during the baptism.



Four First Nighters at the Phoenix Theatre Swaebe

Among the first-night audience to see "Sky High" (reviewed by Horace Horsnell on page 358) were Miss Binnie Hale, Miss Carla Lehmann, Mrs. Noel Carlisle and Lady Vivian. Miss Lehmann, the Canadian-born stage and screen actress, was married last year to Captain George Elliott, R.A.S.C., and is now appearing with Richard Greene in the film "Flying Fortress," at the Warner Theatre

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

Studies—release Mr. Dent's fine place-sense and a vital and supple style. The walk through the Hardy country, the tribute to Kew, the portrait of the Somerset village of Churchill—all show the susceptibility, with regard to England, of the non-indigenous man. He was lucky in meeting rustics. "With all his faults," he heard it said of one Fred, "he wur a rattlin' good poacher!" With "Kean's Island Home" he is in his own country.

Needlework

THE idea of human fate as being a matter of pattern and stitchery must be in the air of these days. We met it in Miss Alice Buchan's *The Tapestry Men*, and it is again in Mr. Richard Church's *The Sampler* (Dent ; 7s. 6d.). The blitzed English autumn of 1940 is not easy to fit into any kind of design : day-to-day life, under those conditions, became at once more and less interesting. Plenty was happening, but at the same time there was no continuity ; and, after all, as individual people we do live by the continuity of our dreams and plans.

In *The Sampler* Mr. Church has succeeded in turning the contemporary novelist's difficulties to good account. He has made a blitz night in a Bloomsbury hotel the turning-point in four individual lives. None of these people—two men, two women—are Londoners, and they have none of them met before. By a series of chances they have converged on each other : they are to share the same ordeal. Mr. Church has traced the life of each character—or rather, by a sort of accomplished short-story writing, has contrived to touch in each life—up to that fateful evening in the hotel. You may say that here is a slight, though accidental, resemblance to *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

The spinster, Martha, has come to London to see her lawyer about an inheritance that is to deliver her and her sister from the dreary routine of a chicken farm. The undergraduate, Roger, has decided to join the Air Force : he has left home for the decisive interview without daring to tell his parents what is to be. Christopher, disillusioned ex-officer of the last war, has come down from Wakefield for his usual purpose of buying second-hand cars : he must face an emotional tangle when he returns. Helen, forty-year-old wife of a Cambridge scientist, has burnt her boats : she is on the verge of her first night with a lover with whom she is, from now on, to throw in her lot. These four, sitting over Bloomsbury tea-cups, hear the sirens moan in the night that is to alter their lives.

In the long run it is Helen who takes the hardest knock. Her lover—her picture of absolute masculinity—shows a bright yellow streak and makes an exhibition of himself in front of all. In fact, I wondered whether poor Jim's collapse was not overdrawn. My own impression was that, in the nastiest air raid, vanity continues to govern fear.

Where does the sampler come in ? It remains in the background, stitched by the arthritic hands of Martha's sister, Mary, supreme artist in needlework, left behind, to-night, at the chicken farm. These months, while German planes on their deadly way to London have been droning over her head, Mary has clung to her art, and to the idea of pattern, as one might cling to religion. Life and death, hope and fear, love and hate can still, she believes, be given their ordered relation to one another. They all have their place in the sampler, whose balanced beauty is finally to bring them into accord. Indirectly, Mary's governing idea—which is also, I take it, Mr. Church's—gains on each of the four active characters. The novel has, thus, a faint allegorical tinge. It has touches of slight unreality—for instance, the specified month is November, when there was, in 1940, surely a lull in bad London raids ? And did the heavy bombing of all-night raids begin as early as tea-time, however late the tea ? But the presentation of human crisis is good, and Mr. Church's technique is above reproach.

Thing of Beauty

EVEN as one outside the magic circle of gardeners, I rejoiced in Mr. T. C. Mansfield's *Alpines in Colour and Cultivation* (Collins ; 17s. 6d.). And this is clearly a book no true gardener will wish to miss. It deals, categorically, practically and clearly, with one of the fine art sides of an occupation that is at once practical and an art. Its usefulness is clear even to me—for instance, Mr. Mansfield describes no plants which cannot be obtained ; he gives specific directions as to how Alpine plants may be raised and increased, and he has translated his own scientific knowledge into language that is direct and plain.

My own particular pleasure was in the illustrations—colour photography of a delicacy and vividness of which I have not yet seen the like. The flowers in every plate spring forward at one with an almost startling stereoscopic effect. To the collector of "flower-books," as well as to the gardener, *Alpines in Colour and Cultivation* should make an appeal.

New Orleans Blues

I GOT to like New Orleans in the course of my reading of *Saratoga Trunk*. But, obviously its ancient and proud, French-descended society, set in steamy climate, bristles with disadvantages. Almost all of these disadvantages are struck head-on by the young bride, Rony—the sympathetic heroine of Miss M. G. Eberhardt's *With This Ring* (Crime Club ; 8s. 6d.). She comes south with her husband, after a hasty marriage, to be plunged into the fulminating family atmosphere of her in-laws, the Chatoniers of Belle Fleur. The coloured retainers and the old family friends do much to add to the tension. Apart from its crime interest, this is an excellent novel.

The "safety firsts" are now on the retired list. They weren't safe and they were never first. Not so SAFETY FAST — affectionately known as M.G. to countless pre-war rally enthusiasts now on active service. Many of these speedy and lion-hearted cars are showing every bit of their dash and stamina on sterner tasks. That's true of the nation, too.





In their leisure hours women cannot always be in workaday kit ; they need something different where clothes are concerned. Nevertheless, they have to practise economy. Therefore Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, is making a feature of the double-purpose dress—the corsage and skirt may be varied to suit the occasion when it is to be worn. Altogether charming is the dinner dress pictured above. It is carried out in black crépe, delicate shades of dusky pink and blue being present in the vest. The high neck shows that Miss Marks believes in "looking ahead." The draped sash is particularly becoming. There are many variations on this theme, as well as striped jumper-suits in fancy marocain. Already she is showing perfectly tailored suits and autumn coats

There is no doubt about it that women are looking forward to the warm weather so that they may be able to wear washing frecks when off duty. One reason is that they are inexpensive and do not need so many coupons as those made of silk. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have assembled in their salons a comprehensive collection. Some are in pastel shades, while others are in cheerful colours showing plaid, check and stripe designs. To them must be given the credit of the model below : it is available in a variety of colour schemes. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that they wash and wear extremely well. Furthermore, they are cut on simple lines, therefore are easily laundered. The cost of the brochure regarding the same is 2½d.



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Size and the Citizen

THE cult of the colossal has its merits and we shall not forget in a hurry those first historic, 1,000-plus bombing raids laid on by Air Marshal Harris. All the same if you visit Royal Air Force messes and notice what officers and airmen are talking about, you will find that they are more readily riled, as they are more rapidly recompensed, by little things.

Pay, promotion, gratuities, badges for air crew members and others, and decorations; these and like littlenesses, are the things that decide whether life is worth while and—by extrapolation—whether war is worth waging.

In the House of Commons on the 3rd of June the old question was again raised about the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Distinguished Flying Medal. Mr. Ammon raised it and Sir Archibald Sinclair replied, and I must say that, in the interchange of question and answer, I felt that logic was on Mr. Ammon's side.

It is laid down that the Distinguished Flying Medal is an equivalent decoration to the Distinguished Flying Cross, just as the Air Force Medal is equivalent to the Air Force Cross. The equivalence is emphasised by the similarity of the ribbons, the distinction being in the width of the diagonal stripes alone. But the medal goes to non-commissioned officers and airmen while the Cross goes to commissioned officers. As a decoration for gallantry should be awarded according to the merit of the feat performed and not to the rank of the individual concerned, it is hard to understand why the difference is preserved.

Analogies

THERE is the undoubted fact that, among the less well-informed members of the public, the medal is looked upon as indicating a lower order of merit than the Cross. This view is entirely wrong. But there is an excuse for it. The George Cross, for example, is awarded to the same groups of people as the George Medal; but the George Medal is expressly stated to be granted for a lower-ranking achievement than the George Cross.

Sir Archibald Sinclair was perfectly right in saying that "The D.F.M. is an award which is cherished by

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

those who receive it," but so long as a large section of the public think of it as less than the D.F.C. those who receive it are not getting just recognition.

If we are indeed living in democratic days, the need is to see that we practice what we preach. And I take the liberty of saying that in the matter of Royal Air Force decorations we are not doing so. I have the honour to hold the Military Cross and the Air Force Cross. I know that they are of no higher ranking than the Military Medal and the Air Force Medal. Yet I would not change them if I could help it.

I wonder if holders of the Medals would be equally averse from changing to Crosses. I doubt it. So in this matter we must accept it that Sir Archibald Sinclair is holding to an out-moded system. It is true enough that the difficulties of adjusting decorations for the Royal Navy and for the Army to a uniform scheme would be many. But it should surely be the privilege of the Royal Air Force to lead the way in modernity.

Libya Leads

ONCE again, in the fighting in Libya, the Royal Air Force has shown that it can co-operate. General Auchinleck's report, which was read by the Prime Minister in Parliament shortly after the first stage of the battle there was over and just before the next, more difficult stage, said: "The speed and effectiveness with which air support has been given has shown once again the intimate co-operation which has been achieved between the two Services in this theatre."

Hansard, by the way, spells the name of the air officer in command in the western desert wrongly. It ought to be Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, with

an "o" and not a "u." Coningham's decision to throw in the whole of his force to make low-flying attacks against enemy armour and motor transport in the famous first battle of the gaps, was a typically bold stroke.

At this time it was impossible to help feeling the vastness and weight of the responsibilities of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, for it was when our forces in Libya were being hard pressed that we were raiding Germany on a big scale from bases in the United Kingdom.

It was inevitable that the question should again be asked of whether we might not have gained more by throwing in stronger bomber forces in Libya and keeping our raiding from Britain on Germany on the earlier, rather smaller scale.

Rocket or Jet

SOME people have called the Russian impelled bomb a "rocket bomb" and some have called it a "jet bomb" and now the technicians and pseudo-technicians are arguing as to which is correct.

One of my correspondents has proposed to me a simple way of distinguishing between rocket propulsion and jet propulsion, and he argues so persuasively that I feel inclined to agree with him. He says that a rocket is propelled in such a way that it would work in a vacuum, whereas a jet must have a surrounding fluid, such as air. The only difficulty is that two forms of propulsion overlap to some extent. When near the ground a rocket is using jet propulsion; and when high up a jet is using—to some extent—rocket propulsion.

From this correspondent's arguments it rather looks as if the Russian invention ought strictly speaking to be called a jet propelled bomb. There is, however, the added complication that it also uses to some extent the attraction of gravity.

So in the end we come to a title which might please the draughtsman of an Act of Parliament, but which would please no one else: a jet and rocket propelled, gravity attracted, bomb. Perhaps we had better just call it a pusher bomb.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE final session of a musical competition was drawing to a close when the secretary, perturbed at the non-arrival of a number of the trophies, approached the chairman and informed him of the predicament.

Summoning his chauffeur, the chairman gave him instructions to drive home and ask the butler to give him half a dozen cups off the sideboard.

The cups were duly delivered and the presentation of prizes proceeded according to programme.

The conductor of the winning band was handed a beautiful trophy; another was presented to the winning tenor. When the leading soprano received her cup, however, she glanced at the inscription and fell in a faint. The inscription read: "Open competition for the best pig in the show."

"WELL, dear," said the head of the house, after dinner, "what are you planning to do tonight?"

His wife shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, nothing special," she replied. "I'll probably write a letter or two, read a bit, listen to the radio, and so on."

"I see," her spouse replied. "And when you come to the so on, don't forget my shirt buttons."

APPARENTLY Uncle Sam's Army has its saluting—and other—troubles too.

A man who'd just joined for training passed a captain without saluting. The captain stopped him. "Take a look at me," he said. "Do you attach any special significance to this uniform?"

The new soldier looked him over, then grinned. "Why, you lucky dog," he exclaimed, "you've got a suit that fits!"



"They said it was a lap-dog
when I bought it as a puppy"

THE clerk at the office for registry of births, marriages and deaths was new to his job, and not very well acquainted with the customary procedure. He was also slightly deaf.

"I want a certificate . . ." began the caller.

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"New—Thomas New."

"Pardon me, I didn't quite catch it."

"I'm New. New to you. New to everybody! New to the world!"

"What you want is a birth certificate," said the clerk, absently.

THE third-rate touring company was acting, under some difficulties, *The Merchant of Venice* in a small country theatre.

"Give me my pound of flesh," demanded Shylock, endeavouring to cope with his somewhat unruly false whiskers.

Back from the gallery came the retort:
"Where's your ration book!"

THE former member of the War Office staff was winning golden opinions as a British agent in the East until he made a slip that was, in the opinion of his best friends, unavoidable.

Disguised as an afflicted beggar he stood in a bazaar holding a bowl.

The illusion was perfect until he cried: "Alms, alms, Allah, for the love of."

THE elderly spinsters were looking after two evacuee children. Later a third arrived, aged eleven. On his first evening he was allowed to sit up with his hostesses after the other children had gone to bed.

Polite boredom set in. At about a quarter to ten the lad could bear it no longer.

"Well," he said brightly, "if you two would like to pop out for a quick one, I'll keep my eye on the kids upstairs."

A SLIGHTLY hilarious guest at a party embraced a strange woman by mistake. He apologised: "Excuse me, madam," he said, "but I thought you were my wife."

"You're a nice sort of husband for any woman to have, you clumsy, tipsy brute," said the woman, angrily.

"There," exclaimed the convivial one, triumphantly, "you talk just like her, too."

To Waste Paper is to Help the Enemy Every Scrap Count

Drink not the third glass, wrote George Herbert, the 17th century poet . . . An injunction we must echo in these days of uncertain arrivals of fruit juices for making Kia-Ora.



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Sizes 46 and 48, 7'6 extra

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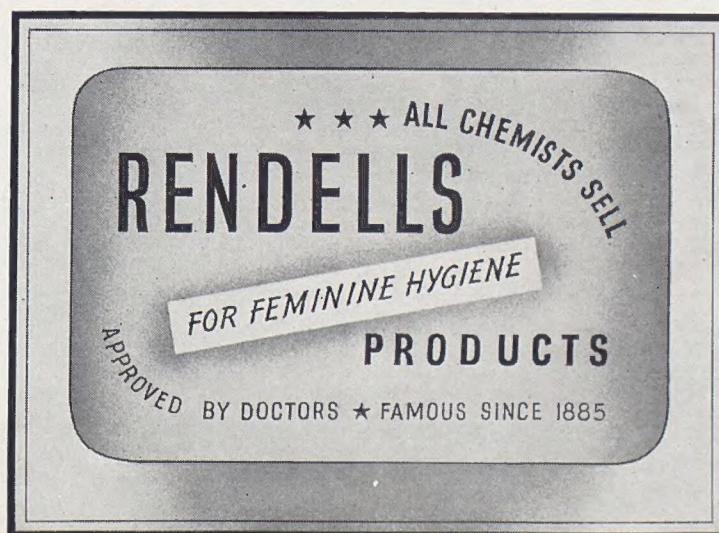
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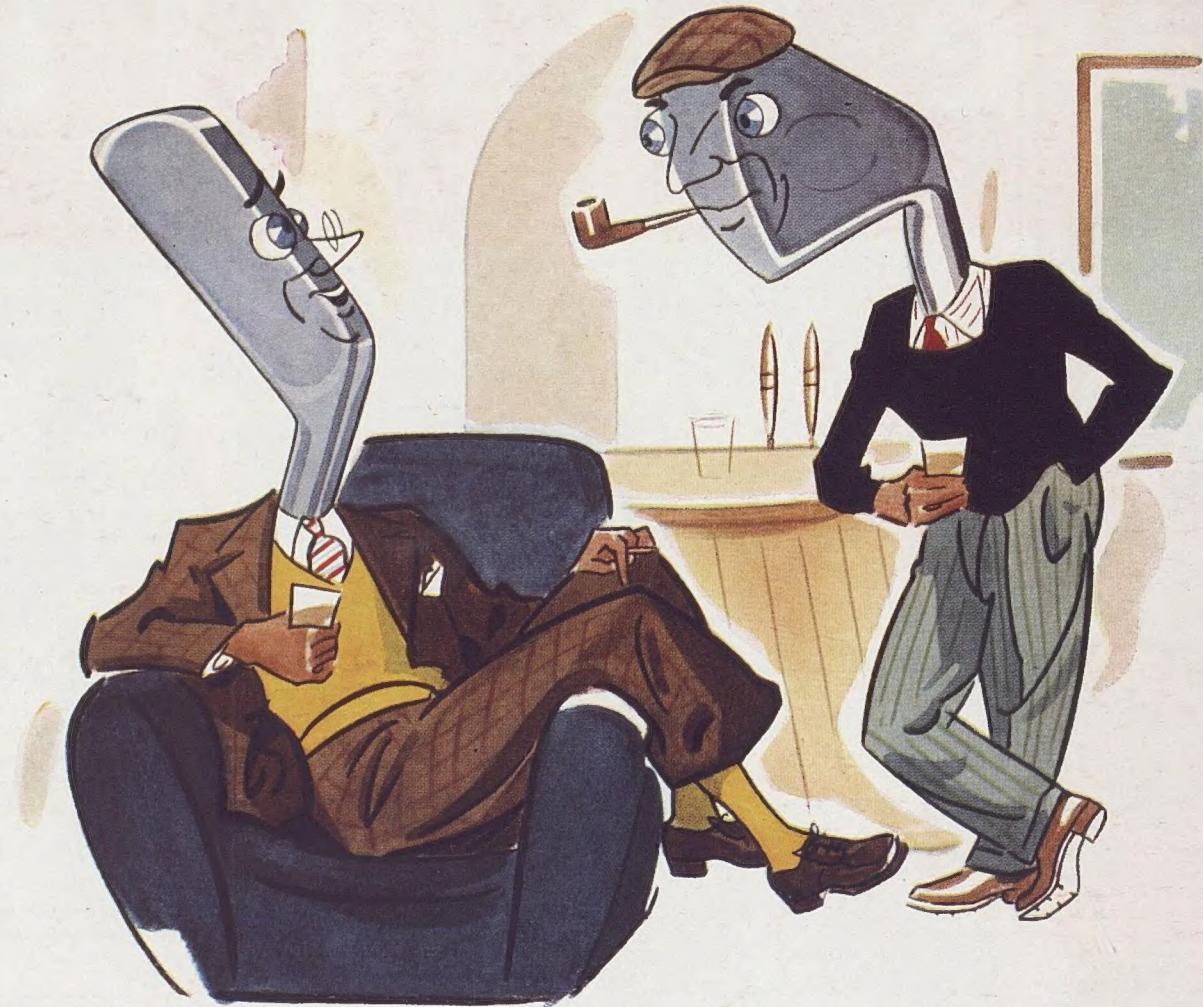
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